

PORNOTERRORISM

Diana J. Torres



Translation by Emilio Bisbal Moya

This is a first attempt of the English version of my book.

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This book has not a paper edition yet, if interested on doing it contact with Diana pornoterrorismo@gmail.com

Preface

by Helen Torres¹

A naked body. A mohican which lets the tatoos άλγος (pain) and ηδονή (pleasure) be seen both left and right of the skull.

“Death to Sloth” can be read on the arm. At times, needles that will leave a trail of blood over the eyes sprout from the forehead like tears fallen from the cortex.

She slides across the stage as if she were in her living-room at home. She invites one colleague to climb on the stage.

Gently, she asks her to stick her hand into her vagina to get the prize inside.

After feeling inside for a while, the assistant pulls out a condom.

The pornoterrorist holds it, tears it with her teeth and pulls out a crumpled piece of paper. She flattens it. It is the poem “My Vagina” which she will read while her assistant performs a vaginal fisting on her. Orgasm is reached with the last stanza ejecting a geyser-like squirt which will splash on the front rows of the flabbergasted audience.

Then she picks up a salami about fifty centimetres long, she stuffs it into a condom and sticks it into her ever lubricated vagina

About thirty centimetres of it are left hanging between her legs.

Then, another assistant clad only in a black leather harness, kneels on her fours in front of her.

The pornoterrorist introduces the other extreme of the salami into her assistant’s vagina and begins pumping, gently at first until she reaches a more frantic rhythm

On the background, a screen on which images of human and animal slaughters can be seen. Maimed arms, open bellies. Autopsies. Heads of pigs.

An off voice reads the «Carnivorous Manifesto»: «What’s the difference between a pig’s head and a human’s? The pig’s head costs five fifty at the tripe and offal shop, that of a human’s costs nothing».

Both the assistant and the pornoterrorist come moaning almost at the same time, moans which interfere with the voice in off. They pull the salami out, unsheathe it, cut thick slices of it and then distribute them among the audience who eat them up without a word

¹ Helen Torres is an Argentinian feminist activist living in Barcelona. More about her at <https://helenatorres.wordpress.com/>

of complaint.

Welcome you all to Pornoterrorism.

Indifference is the one thing that Diana I. Torres' performances do not provoke. Some people feel violence, others disgust. She would tell them: "Telly violence on the 9 o'clock News is also disgusting but you gulp it down with your grub, luv".

Each time I see her perform, I start out on a trip that begins with laughter and ends in an unstoppable inspiration to organise a Dantesque orgy. Pornoterrorism turns me on. A lot. Just because anything capable of showing the oppressors that no one's afraid of them turns me on. Diana wakes us up and greets the new day with the shout: "I'm alive, and you too; "Let's show it and fuck the lot;".

If we were living in New York at the end of the 60's, Diana would be part of the Motherfuckers², that group with anarchist affinities that struggled to turn revolutionary art into an integral part of life. But in the Karcelona³ of this first decade of the 21st Century there exists no political organisation that ponders the possibility of including Pornoterrorism as part of its program. Too revolutionary.

The Motherfuckers claimed: "The Revolution is Sexuality stepping on civilization" Pornoterrorism is the offspring of that revolution. And it carries it out with the most current and basic tools: the body, the bodies, alive, slaughtered, human and animal; the flesh as a source of enjoyment and brutality; its fluids as rain contaminating normality. "My skin, my flesh, my blood, my temple. Where profane, perverted and abnormal women as well as those evicted from the faith say their prayers". Says Diana in her poem *Transfrontera*.

In this inhospitable space which is the apocalyptic metropolis dreamt by science fiction, in which art and politics are two charts of the same territory and creation is born sterile without even tearing the hymen of normality, the only way of surviving violence is to appeal to the most visceral pleasure. "My body, my body, MY BODY. Where I rule, you bastards!".

But, what is Pornoterrorism? A few months ago there came out an anonymous manifesto on the Net that attempted to condense its basic principles, but it did not manage to do it. One cannot capture a raging fist in a pamphlet. The one and only chance of

² Up Against the Wall Motherfuckers (UAW/MP) was a group of anarchist leanings based in the Lower East Side of New York and was created in 1966 by the painter Ben Morea and the poet Dan Georgakas. They came from the group Black Mask that carried out actions against the upper class art, war and capital. See: Black Mask. Up Against the Wall Motherfucker. The Incomplete Works of Ron Hahne, Ben Morea and the Black Mask Group, PM Press (2011)

³ Translator note: A pun with the words "carcel"(jail) and Barcelona.

capturing it is sticking it up one's cunt and enjoy every minute of it.

Diana defines it this way:

“Is there perhaps a more beautiful fusion of words than *porn* and *terrorism*?”

The erotica of horror, an uncharted land that opens itself like a corpse ready for an autopsy. In the same way that funerals make laugh, occasionally, the image of a beautiful cadaver makes me wet my knickers. The first feeling is that we will never be able to overcome the shame of that situation, the humiliation imposed by society when something politically non-correct seduces us. But it can be overcome. Oh, yessir it can! It is overcome with the first wank, the first act of cult to horror. It is the only way of defeating it, by letting it seduce us and become its tender sweetheart.

Pornoterrorism is action and concept. Those actions require experience to empower us, while Concepts Project their meaning in time opening the possibility that its application be questioned at any given moment, thus perverting it or moving it to a different context. And its potential lies there.

At times, the need to impose certain norms give birth to concepts. When this is the case, at the beginning they are circumscribed to a particular environment. With time, they take root until they fade into everyday life.

Hygiene comes to mind as an example. Brush teeth, no eating pork, avoid anal sex, are customs born as hygienic measures for certain peoples at a concrete historical moment. But after being repeated over and over, generation after generation thousands of times they end up taking their place as part of everyday actions. Thus, they are repeated without a thought or criticism, taken as inflexibly necessary norms. “It’s normal”, we say.

But if, just out of curiosity or boredom we open one of Foucault’s books, we become stupefied to find out that hygiene is one of the practices of the biopolitical concept, a kind of government politics over the body that searches to “rationalize” the lives of people. Then we realise that biopolitics manages our bodies, tells us when to die and how to live, how to feel joy organising our lives like stocks in the market. This is what Foucault tells us, but when we brush our teeth, shake hands, eat beef or have a shower, we never think we are practising civil obedience (unless we are under 18 or are fans of Foucault). We do it just like that, because “it’s always been this way”.

The good news is that the creation of a concept and its incarnation into action can also change norms eventually, take habits out of context, invent heretic rituals and make us act without the need of having to explain ourselves. Then is when action is reinvented, achieving what philosophy calls resignification. At that point is when concept bursts opening possibilities that question what is “normal” displacing criteria up to then

unquestioned, revolutionizing the air we breathe and shaking the soil we stand on. It's scary. Isn't it? And if that terror is holding hands with sex, hot war is served.

The performances, street actions and writings that Diana J. Torres has named as *Pornoterrorism* are an implosion of pleasure and pain, arts and politics, insult and a call to action, sloth and a slow awakening. In a world in which the only thing that moves us are the trimmed images of faraway tragedies, the pornoterrorist comes to alter our perception of pornography and terror. In the blizzard of apocalyptic promises and planetary disasters, whipped by images gulped down by bulimic and constipated masses, the pornoterrorist has cosen the production of discomfort. Move away from the sofa I'm going to soak it with my incorruptible pleasure.

As opposed to a pornography in which we can rarely witness a vaginal fisting, the pornoterrorist chooses a lubricated fist for each of her performances and she has it inserted into her soaking hole until she climaxes and that awakens us to a reality: women come pouring out. Opposite a farcamopornográfico regime that questions us with the same speed as it curbs our capacity of expresión, the pornoterrorist pours blood on uniforming speeches and pukes on the inquisitor silence imposed on the bodies.

And not in a delicate manner. She uses the weapons around her. In a virtual forum, she answered to a reprimand over her angry answers: "My tongue is dirty, full of shit and I'm dead proud of being able to use it without shame because I consider that vulgar or obscene language is not only more powerful and communicative than words considered *normal/normative*, but also transgresses one of the worst laws, that of what is *adequate* and *restrained*."

Pornoterrorism reminds us of our carnality, our animality, our brutality and, over all, our sexuality, our desire. Furthermore, it tells us that all that we consider ours is colonized territory and that our responsibility is to throw out the invading enemy. Nobody will come to save us. Not even pornoterrorism. But "I dare hard times/ to challenge the infinite/ of a vagina and a good lube", Diana would cry out from the stage remembering Neruda.

Perhaps due to its being a current issue, a Redding of the dsm-iv parameters would tell us that Diana suffers a mental disorder. She fits into many of the behaviours considered as a disorder that can be treated: premature ejaculation, exhibitionism, masochism, sadism, hypersexuality...

Which proves that sex is a serious affair, bodies flammable matter and desire, fuel for a flamethrower.

When Diana decided to publish this book, I almost forced her to ask the *I Ching*

how its publication would be welcomed. The answer was *Ko*, “The Revolution”. History has demonstrated that revolution is something more than barricades on fire, massive incarceration and enraged hordes. In these times, there is no other possibility for a radical change than small actions that abide by the principle of the chaos theory. And if the wingbeat of a Butterfly can provoke a tsunami on the other side of the World I rejoice with pleasure and hope just thinking what a collective squirt on the stages of the world can cause.

THE WAYS OF TRANSGRESSION ARE INSCRUTABLE

«Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven».

- Matthew: 5, 3 -

I HAVE SPENT MY WHOLE LIFE wondering "but, what the fuck's all this shit?" At twenty five I began to understand (or to suspect) the mechanism and now that I know what it's all about, my only aim is to destroy it. No idea of how to do it, haven't studied politics, sociology, anthropology, history or philosophy. I haven't studied the origin of all this crap or its system of organization. I haven't studied. Full stop. I come clean with my rage and my pain and my groins on fire (not that clean) that doesn't have lines where to write itself except these lines already corrupted by thousands of literaturas, of microtraumas, of orgiastic fevers, of countless poisons.

If, in theory, the only effective destruction is the absolute disappearance of what we want to destroy, then total destruction doesn't exist. Meaning that I'm not going after something that apocalyptic, but just a humble attempt to become a woodworm, a subtle saboteur, something minimal that gently begins like a paper revolution, the power of words at the tip

of the fingers hitting with the beat of a keyboard in this darkness where desires that should be ours, stimulated and perfect in their shape, crouch lurking in spite of being watched by cruel wardens.

Like what happened to Cernuda: “My childhood ended and I fell into the world”. I didn’t enter it in a gentle or progressive way. I just dropped from very high above and I broke plenty of things. I’ve never broken a bone but if my soul were the x-rayed would show many cracks. There are even pieces of me I will never be able to recover, the fall smashed them and turned them into dust: my purity, my innocence, my excessive love for my people, my indiscriminate generosity. My inside is a broken vase that I have clumsily glued together misplacing some fragments. An ugly vase, but more solid than its original.

I feel like David facing a disproportionate Goliath. Just a subtle and precarious intuition points the weak spots of the beast. No need to be too wise, it’s easy to realize when one is an annoying insect for this society, when one is a bother and its first reprimand comes out as almost and childish warning.

In my memory I keep a long list of these warnings in which I am told for not following the right path, that there’s no future for me, that this way I’m going to be a failure... I remember a film I saw when I was five years old, *Labyrinth*. In it, the teenager Jenifer Connelly has to overcome the labyrinth that an evil David Bowie lays out for her in order to save her little brother. There is a scene I will never forget. Sarah is in a cave surrounded by talking rocks which, in grave voices, tell her that the path she is following is not the right one, that it only leads to her doom, to the most horrific horrors. Yet, Sarah knows that the rocks are lying because she is going through the labyrinth together one of its inhabitants. The rocks apologize saying “we’re only doing our job”. Ever since that moment, I have always believed that whoever tells you that you are following the wrong path is lying. They lie so you lose the game, so you follow the path they want you to follow and ultimately take their path, the one that the rest of the herd takes, but not your own, in any case. In effect, many are “doing their job”, which is basically herding, trying to prevent the sheep from leaving their pen, trying to make it easy by eliminating any obstacle. A despicable job (not the worst, though), but just like any other..

The warnings I’ve been getting along the path are of this kind: talking rocks that do their job, which basically is that I become a good woman, a model worker, a perfect mother and wife fit for a functional part in the social works. Professors, neighbours, complete strangers, law officers, judges, a neverending line of people telling me to change my life in order to become someone acceptable. You know what? Sod off you lot!

I don’t mean to elaborate another theoretical speech on sexuality, there are far too

many people on topics that for them are just ideas, concepts, things that don't palpitate or pour down. I'm talking about my experience, of the practice that I have been carrying out since my pussy woke up and a wonderful universe opened up ahead. A practice that doesn't stand on any defined theory, but instead responds to an impulse made up by desire and imagination. I feel weird when someone theorizes over the practices I carry out; an insect on the entomologist's workbench ready for vivisection. Because the first time I ever stuck an object up my vagina or I imagined I had a penis, I was only thinking about the error that meant that our body could not expand according to the imagination of our brain.. I've never been good at theories that talk about sexuality no matter to which extent they can be identified with my own. My sexuality is something born in a place words do not inhabit, where not everything can be explained, where, in fact, there's no need to explain anything.

What happens is that one keeps growing up and realizes that in spite of belonging to the same species as all those people out there in the world, differences exist that could very well be irreconcilable among some people and, worst of all, they can be marginalized, repressed, persecuted or stigmatized differences. Since the beginning, my sexuality was marked with that kind of proscribed difference. That's when the need to talk about it arises, to explain it. It even creates an exhibitionist drive that works as a response to the attempt of the majority of hiding or label a difference that goes beyond the norm as an illness. And, why tell it? Well, I guess just to make it legitimate, to endow it with a voice that was snatched from it by conventions which do not have anything to see with the sexual field, or just perhaps to be a pain in the arse, which I do not know anymore if out of necessity or just for pure pleasure.

My sex doesn't censure itself, that always comes from the outside. It's the eyes of the others that judge me non apt or even dangerous, not the eyes of my lovers.

And facing that censure, my twat opens like the mouth of a creature from the depth, monstrous, mastodontic, terrorific. And I do give them reason for fear. That's the instinctive answer of an animal being attacked, it couldn't be any other way. Experience has taught me to antepose my animality to my humanity as deep inside I hate the human species and its norms, its strategies, its structure. I haven't chosen the transgressor character of my sexuality, but if it has to be that way and there's no turning back, at least I want to be the owner of my crime, to print the Couch of my will, use it as a weapon and as a guide. Because when society labels one, it never asks your permission or your opinion to do it, it's just a matter of a classificatory urge, that very typical urge to tame everything.

So, I call myself, butch, dyke, deviant, pervert, criminal, blaspheme, ugly, sick. It would be an absolute loss of time to try and fight that well spread practice of labelling (I

often do it myself unconsciously) and it wouldn't be fair to accept it just like that either. That's why I become all they say I am in order to be it with a cause, to be it better and more everyday, to build with it that bastard identity daughter of a thousand sins which ultimately is what makes me be what I am and brings me closer to other monsters to establish alliances.

Transgression, to transgress... *To break, to violate a rule or statute.* The very first time I transgressed something, I was very small. Generally, children are great transgressors, they try to do what they feel like doing, instinctively, and spontaneous thought and action usually break some law or other, they skip some norms, they are not subject to the adult way of reasoning, they do not adulterate.

I was no more than three years old when one afternoon, at Pepe's terrace, a place where my parents used to drink their beers with their mates, a friend of theirs who was pregnant on seeing that I was curious about her belly asked me how I spent my time when I was in my mum's belly. One of those absurd questions made to children to leave them speechless, get a laughable answer or just because you know that you won't be judged for making idiotic questions. If one is an idiot and wants to keep a conversation without feeling embarrassed for one's own stupidity, one chooses an "inferior" being as interlocutor. Sometimes, we adults are that innocent.

But the answer I gave her (*I used to stick my hand out of my mum's pussy and phoned my granny*) did not fit any of her expectations, so then I got my first label: *this little girl is crazy*. Truly, it was the answer she deserved and perhaps her reaction (to recommend my parents that I saw a psychologist) was just the result of having been humiliated by someone so small, because the rest of the people at the table could not help a guffaw, including me, who laughed just for empathy as I had uttered that atrocity dead serious. Obviously I don't remember the moment at all, but as my parents went on proudly repeating the anecdote to exhaustion, I have ended up turning it into an artificial memory of the kind that photos or words set up.

There were plenty of these childish transgressions and they kept growing in number as my interaction with the environment was growing also. At home nothing was banned, as nothing was bad, nothing was poop, they never hit me and hardly punished me, there was no need; I knew how to listen. They didn't tell me how to do or how not to do things, they just taught me what they knew about the world but obviously in a very naïve way, not letting me on the dodgy bits, not dazing me with disgraces. So I grew up thinking that the world was a great place, that's why the wallop would be gigantic afterwards.

Because the world is a fucking shithole. They made it knowing the reality, but I

believe that in their optimism they harboured the hope that things would change for the better, that wars would end, that fascists would fade for good, that love was powerful and that the world I was going to inherit would be a better one than the one they inherited. This was the view they had of the world they passed on to me.

One more “wee transgression”. This one I remember directly, perhaps because I was somewhat older (about five) or perhaps because it turned out to be a bit traumatic. We used to go to Benidorm for the summer. My grandmother had a little house at the sea front, which she had bought when the place was just a village and not the monster it has turned into. As any other urbanite used to asphalt and to play in artificial playgrounds where the horizon cannot be seen, I liked the beach.

In general I had no need to interact with the other kids, I also liked to play on my own; as an only child I was used to it. But I used to watch the others often. It's not that I studied them, but my gaze went beyond a child's simple curiosity. One day, a boy about my age began masturbating hardly a few metres from where I was. He had pulled his swimming trunks down (most of the time I was naked on the beach) and he was sitting *ohm-like* fondling his stiff little micro-prick. When I masturbated or touched myself I didn't take any kind of precautions against being seen, so his caution caught my eye. I repeat: at home these things were not banned. But this little boy was scared, his face was a mixture of fear and excitement (I have seen that face in adults many a time...) and at one point, our eyes met. He was facing the sea and turned my way to face me in fit of exhibitionism. I must have understood that interaction as an invitation because I also began touching myself. We were about four or five metres apart, we did not have to get closer, our game was perfect as it was. Until a woman, I guess his mother, arrived to abruptly come in between the line of our gazes. She smacked him twice in a brutal way, I thought and barked some rubbish about what could happen to him if he kept doing those things. He began to cry immediately and without breaking his stare at me he disappeared among the sunbathing crowd dragged by that monster who led him by the arm to the parasol next to my parents'.

Then I understood his fear, his caution when taking off his trunks: his mother was a real merciless ogre. I kept doing my own thing, that is, I went on touching myself until I felt like stopping and then I went back to the towel. There, that psychotic mother asked my mum (or my dad, I'm not sure) how they could allow me to do that kind of stuff on the Beach, and said that I had provoked her son and that was not normal. I recall her face burning with rage, the little boy kept crying but did not dare looking at me. He'll probably be now raping women or beating his meat with a picture of the Pope.

What that lady meant to convey to the people in charge of my education is that I was

a tart (second label after mad), although I deduced that time afterwards. In that moment, I only understood that the lady was off her rockers and what she had done to her child was very wrong. Nor I know if there was an answer from my mother and father, if there was one I am pretty sure it would have been something in like: *physical mistreatment is far more abominable than masturbation*, but neither of them is inclined to go around giving lessons so I suppose that their answer in this sort of situations which no doubt happened more than once because I used to touch myself wherever and whenever I felt like, must have been basically indifference as a general rule.

My father and my mother answered to my worries with a striking sincerity. They were certain that lying to me would only lead me to disappointment. Yet, the excellent education I got as a child turned against me when, as I was saying before, I fell into the world; it had the effect of making the distance between me and the others and that world of which theoretically I had to become part an insurmountable abyss. When I began school hardly five they had already explained about reproduction and also that making love was not at the service of procreation although it could be one of its possible consequences, but also that people did it for pleasure or for love; they had told me that the difference between girls and boys was simply a physical matter which therefore should not be taken out of its biological context as well as many more things that could very well turn out to be uncomfortable enough to ring the alarm bell. Not just because it spoiled the well learnt lessons of many an educator but because it “disturbed” the other little children.

Although I was not conscious at the time of doing any transgression, I did notice that I was treated somewhat differently. Of course there were excellent teachers that were thrilled by a girl like me who absorbed the information given with an amazing ability. Others, however, absolutely rejected those methods that my parents had used to educate me because I was a child hard to manipulate, to indoctrinate. The school I attended was lay, but that did not prevent some reactionary minds to be teaching there. Mediocre people who covet a power that they have not been able to achieve in any other more honest way can be found everywhere. They need to impose their own idiosyncrasy even if it is to five year old brats. Frustrated scum who, on top that, believe that they are turning the children into “honourable citizens”. What I say: people who do their job are everywhere. Damm it!

Nevertheless, the real transgression that was not an accident, but fully intended, did not arrive until adolescence.

I did not realise that I had grown boobs and curves until some bricklayers barked it at me in the street. The wonderful experience of being “flattered” by an Iberian pseudomachoman can be unforgettable when one has been brought up in a home where

the word respect makes up one of the basic pillars of communication. I mean, I did not bestow the changes in my body an extra or important attention until the street, the society, the outside did it. To have tits did not mean just to have tits, it was much more. It was: now you are fuckable, now you are (here's a good category) a woman, you are into the sexual market, but not as merchant, but rather as merchandise.

The immediate answer to that new label was a rotund assumption and affirmation but, again, the expected answer wasn't the one I gave. They expected that when becoming a woman I would turn into a prudent and discreet young lady ready to allow myself to be seduced not without some more or less real obstacles. But I, when without giving it much thought (it is so basic!) understood the power I possessed between my legs, the first thing I did is to give myself to an army of men whom I boldly seduced to bed them so they would reward me with an orgasm or some other compensations.

What can be expected from a thirteen year old girl? At least to keep her hymen untouched. Right? Well, not even that I had. Nina Hagen had taken it away from me three years before. My father used to provide me with all sort of music. The Nina Hagen cassette was one of my favourites, i used to play it at ear splitting level and jumped madly on the bed while listening to her shattering voice. One of those pajamas punk-madness days I took a fountain pen given to me as a present. It was a Montblanc imitation and had the perfect shape for my intentions: round, thin and long. I stuck it into my vagina and when that fabulous feeling and Nina allowed me to have a breath, I could see that I was bleeding a little. It isn't a clear memory, it's one of those that remain incomplete until one manages to understand the full moment, but I do remember my brutality inspired by the music (it keeps happening, perhaps that's why that memory is still "well wet"), the blood changing the sky blue colour of the pen and then dripping down my leg. *The period!* I thought and I ran to tell my mum. Obviously my mother was stunned: I was only ten at the time.

When she took me to the pediatrician, he asked me some slanted questions: *has an adult touched you down there?* and I answered that no one had, that I had touched myself. The doubt of having been abused was rapidly dissipated. As I didn't believe I had done anything wrong, I brought all out chapter and verse. My mother suffered a fit of nervous laghing and the doctor was a bit scared by those two nutters. As we were leaving she warned me not to stick dirty things in there because I Could catch some infection and the issue ended there. Meanwhile I was reaching the moment for cocks I, while cock time was arriving, found other objects: sausages, those ait tight plastic tubes where people put their cash when going to the beach or the swimming pool (really eightish, that) and I remember even my father's dumbbells. I also found more Nina Hagen records. I could use almost any

object, but music was a different matter; Nina was the best for that wild penetration that helped rid by body of any vestige of virginity. When I reflect on it, it seems totally surrealist that there are so many women in the world (a great majority) worried about a tiny membrane that they aren't even going to see, losing even their dignity, their family's, being killed and tortured for a scrap of skin and me, delivering something so "sacred" and "valuable" to a punk rocker and a lifeless object...

My already inaugurated little pussy reached its first sexual relations totally prepared for any type of penetration and these relations apparently didn't have anything special except that I jumped from bed to bed without any kind of infatuation or other paraphernalia that usually go together with almost all teenager experiences of this kind. What I mean to say is that all my friends were shit scared prior to their first relation, at the most, they had been groped or had given a blowjob to their current boyfriend, but they were all infatuated with someone. I guess that was their way of channeling horniness. I soon found out that they were not interested in my experiences, but also found them disgusting, my relations lacked the power of love as well as that filter that made sex honourable and acceptable, so I gave up in my messianic effort to "show" them the path to pleasure, I just left them alone with their Ragazza and their platonic loves and carried on with my own things, which basically consisted of screwing any living creature that happened to cross my way.

In three years (from thirteen to sixteen) I fucked a total of sixty men. I can be accurate because I used to put them down on a list where, besides their names I also wrote down three basic things: telephone number, economic level and size of cock. In some cases I added some secondary data as race, because black men used to arouse me more than the rest and generally screwed me better. Their economic level was the second most important thing after the size of their dong (I've always liked them big, specially when the only thing they knew how to do was to stick it inside), and perhaps here is where the germ of my first transgression lies; it was the first time that I was fully conscious that what I was doing "was not proper" and was in no way accepted by my society. I did it with malice.

If one has to be qualified as a whore for fucking with whoever one wishes, and I couldn't get away from it, at least I wanted to take some advantage of the positive side; get paid for it. Of course, not in cash, it was more like a sort of barter without negotiation in which my lover invited me to drink, have dinner, bought me stuff or took me on trips. He who didn't have any dough had to be great screwing if I was to repeat with him, as I only repeated with those that gave me presents, with those that had something else to offer besides their pelvis thrusts. I fondly remember a French man, Alain, fourthish and loaded

with money. I met him in Benidorm, where he used to spend time in his sailboat which was usually moored in Altea. He was one of the few lovers that knew my real age. When I realised that he was obsessed by young girls under sixteen, I told him that I was really just fourteen and that I had lied to him on the first night when I had told him I was older. That additional datum made him surrender to me: he used to take me sailing along the coast, ate lobster and caviare, gave me superb massages, bought me expensive clothes and jewels which I instantly resold. In return, all I had to do was to treat him as my dad during the day and my boyfriend during the night, and that was not hard to do as he suffered from premature ejaculation and was a real gentleman. I believe that the thing about treating him as my father was a practical one: he was an experienced lolitophiliac and did not wish to get himself in the shit. As father and daughter we didn't make an exhibition of ourselves at the beach, the harbour or the restaurants and the shows of affection we displayed in public could have been a clean, normal father-daughter affectivity, as he basically only enjoyed talking and looking at me. I hardly spoke, but he told me his life from A to Z. Aside from his little floozy, perhaps I also was his shrink, although I couldn't tell him what to do with a wife that never told him she loved him, his posh and hollow children who were just a pain for him or couldn't help him with the sadness he fell into when summer ended.

With this story I realised that I was not only transgressing the norm that says that a little girl must not have sex with just anybody, that there was a well institutionalized process to follow which I was boldly disregarding (love at first sight-engagement-marriage); also, together with Alain, I was also violating my first law: underages DON'T FUCK with adults. In that relation I had the total absolute power, he was no more than a puppet and I was the puppet master, he was completely subjected to the will of a pervert little girl, but due to that regrettable habit of believing that underages are idiots, no judge would have seen thing from my point of view. It's just about undervaluating the intelligence of people according to such an irrelevant datum as the date of their birth. It's not that Alain was dumb, he wasn't at all nor he thought that I was. He talked to me about cinema as he never had spoken to his wife or children (he worshipped Passolini, of course). But if I had wanted to I could have ruined his life with just a call reporting the hypothetical abuse. I had loads of evidence for that and I could have also blackmailed him and get a really big load of dough with that.

I just didn't do it. It would have never occurred to me to demand the support of those laws that I, already then, hated so much, it would have been like treason to myself to lean on the enemy in order to get a personal profit... The worst thing one can do to the enemies is not needing them at all. These were my ethics at fourteen and I still keep them. The rest, the

ethics of others, is imposed upon one and so it immediately became the object of my slander. They were ethics that would allow a brat to put an honest and innocent man in the nick just for a whim. I felt like violating, perverting and mistreat, of no respecting it under no circumstance.

Alain is a clear example of what a slut I was, but in reality I kept a similar attitude with forty of the sixty men on the list: I fucked and they gave me things in change, besides sex. This is how I finally understood that masculine pleasure is worth more than the feminine. It didn't matter that I also enjoyed those relations (although living me an orgasmo was the privilege of only, due basically to a lack of communication); if there wasn't an "extra" reward they thought that for me it wasn't worth the while and I also started thinking it, of course. It's like when the Spaniards changed the gold of the Indians for marbles or safety pins. When I saw that they had to do a parallel effort to satisfy me I began to think that their sex, in spite of its extreme simplicity, was the marble and my cunt the gold and that that interchange always had to be rewarded with many other things that had nothing to do with sex so the relation would be balanced. For a time I even had the ridiculous doubt that their orgasms could be one thousand times better than mine.

So all that leads me to the conclusion now that sex workers subvert the value of masculine and feminine pleasure, they turn the interchange in an equitable thing based on laws and social customs, although I honestly relieve that both men and women are equally capable of enjoying sex and if there exists an imbalance, it is bound to be due to political, social or religious interests. We all have the gold (or the marbles)!

In that moment, I didn't realise, but my "retaliation" project also included all of them and I admit to have been somehow unfair. Because many a time I only desired their bodies, I did not expect anything except the pleasure of shering a moment of sweat and passion, just to touch them, eat them, stuff them inside me. But I took this additional contents that almost all of them gave me as if I really deserved it, when in reality it wasn't like that usually. They were also beautiful, they also had energy to spend with me and I suppose they also had heir own feelings and motivations.

At the beginning I found it excessive, the gallantry, the invitations, the squandering, the courtship process. Ultimately, the only thing I wanted was to have a screw and the fewer preambles there were, the better. I didn't need any luxury or even a bed where to do it because I could fuck anywhere. I ended up getting used to their mechanism and take out its evidente profit. I did it so until I understood that they didn't do it for pleasure, that it wasn't part of their taste, but that for them it was almos tan educational obligation, a step they had to follow in order to be able to stick it into hot flesh. Then I remembered the little

boy on the beach. Life was also teaching him that sharing sex with a woman wasn't as easy as just "sharing", that the price to pay for it could be painful and unfair.

And I stopped fucking with men. If those were the general conditions of the contract, I was determined to stop signing it with my fluids. I have always chased balance, so by following my father's predictions and other events which i interpreted as "signals", I dived into the wonderful world of fucking with mirrors. Only that way and not going too deep into the matter could I find equity; not owing anything to anybody and that nobody owed anything to me for a screw. I fancied that fucking with women was more equal, something that didn't create debts for anybody and, of course, something delicious. I think that I realised then why a woman's body was worth what it was worth: what a feast is a dripping cunt in one's mouth, a pair of good tits, a thin waist I could hold on not to fall...

Here came the following transgression, the worst of all up to now. Being a shameless slut only implied the transgression of an established process in order to reach sex, but being a dyke meant a serious and grave exclusion from the men. By being a slut, the works sort of became atrophied a little and turned counterclockwise, being a lesbian the Works didn't work at all, there was a part missing. I still don't know how many things can be managed without the participation of men without being labelled as mad or sick. The only thing that comes to my mind right now is to become a nun.

Naturally, bull dyking also had some unpleasant surprises lurking Reddy for me. I admit to have been extremely lucky with my mates, because Madrid's "scene" was really sickening and better not mention the one in Barcelona... My dislike was to be expected; it is completely irrational that people that have nothing to do among themselves except their sexual leanings find themselves packed like sardines in a neighbourhood, in a watering hole or at a party; eventually they all resemble each other, not the best of them, though, but to the biggest piece of crap. The topofthepopish music, the apathy, the show they had to put on to finally get laid, it seemed like a nightmare. They reproduced behaviours that I thought I had got rid of leaving men behind. At times I had the feeling that the dyke scene copied not only the bad stuff of heterostandards. The courtship caboodle was the biggest pain in the ass. It made absolutely no sense (and still doesn't, the use of the pst tense here is basically an artifice) and made me mad, so I also began to have trouble in the lesbian arena.

I've been thrown out of almost all the premises in Chueca and of half in Barcelona; for taking off my t-shirt, for groping my current lover on the dance floor, for taking dope in the toilet, for dancing like a horny beast, for complaining about the prices of the beverages (pink money also pisses me off, no gold bullion comes out from the pussies I eat), for

shouting... And all that for believing that there in the ghetto we were freer. Honestly, I prefer living in a hostile world to living in a shoe box full of rose petals.

At the long run, all of them were also forcing me to live like a prudent young lady, to be presentable. Once, the owner of a hangout in plaza de Chueca told me off during the pride demonstration to stop me behaving “like this” (I was only dancing half naked), because “society would never tolerate us” due to people like me. *What! Tolerate us?* I told her that I didn’t want anybody to let me off the hook, I just want to be left alone. Tolerance is not what I am asking for because that would be like accepting that we are doing something wrong, something we should ask permission to do; I only say to those that don’t like what I’m doing that they can shoot themselves and leave me alone to get on with my life. I didn’t spit on her face because my mouth was dry, but I felt a deep hatred for all she was a symbol of. Fucking business people, they believe that because they own a bar (which deep down is the only thing they care for), they can go round indoctrinating people, pseudo-politically concerned cunts pretending to be socialites (because they’re the ones that suck them up) and really they’re just upper class nazis. Go and die all of you or put up a wall around the neighbourhood and turn it into a theme park of which I’ll never pay the bloody fucking entrance ticket.

I thought that my greatest transgression, and the one that has given me so many headaches against society would be rewarded with the pleasure that comes from being part of a beautiful and sturdy collectivity. But it wasn’t like that. It turned out that even inside there my ideas were upsetting, annoying and something totally useless.

Now I hardly ever say I’m a lesbian, it would be untrue anyway. I don’t even know if I’m a “woman” (it seems that according to their norms, this is a key attribute in order to become a dyke) and the strictness of this binary rule on gender suffocates me in a big way.

So, if I’m nothing that can fit, not even with a lever, in any of the labels with which I have been tagged along my life, then, as the main pretensión, I’m nobody; I should kill myself and stop being a pain.

They’re bound for a surprise. I love this life more than anything and I love it a bit more every time someone tries to suck it out of me with their crap. But everything’s alright, their offenses are so nourishing for me that finally I’m just a product of so much bloody theatre. They’ll have to fuck themselves because wherever there is a norm, a law, a protocol, a strict morality or an education serving the powerful, there will be transgressions. No need to say that they will be committed by children, mad people, crazy people and criminals, of course.

Anyway, I’m not doing anything new, just my job.

FEAR TO UNIDENTIFIED PLEASURE
AND TO DISCREDITED PRACTICES

«Squirting is a political act
against the fear to explode».

- Chiara schiavon -

My pleasure squirts like daggers

«I'M NOT A QUEER». This is what a lover told me when I inserted a finger in his anus while he was on top screwing me. I made the great mistake of believing that his orifices were as functional as mine. His were merely expulsion channels and any inversion in that circulation order would instantly and permanently make a queer out of him, in spite of the fact that I was a bird and he had never been attracted by a man. That puzzled me, I couldn't understand why such an innocuous action could transform the sexuality of a person in hardly a few seconds.

At that time I thought that it could be a private fixation of his and didn't give it a second thought, but in my vicissitudes with men I never stopped having that terrible problem; their absolute impenetrability, the secrecy of their anuses, the bloody-mindedness of their heads.

Victims. They are the victims of their mutilations and their sexualities, so well attached to the standard practices, make them as unhappy as women. Although initially it would seem that men have always been favoured by the norms in regards to sex, the thing is that their sexuality also responds to a servile utilitarianism and body capitalism. The only difference with women regarding repression is that, finally, those norms to be followed were created by men, but never by free men. There exist certain quests for pleasure that are

unseen in books on sex, nor in the medical-scientific descriptions on human sexuality. There are ways of feeling desire that can only be seen in handbooks on clinical pathologies and not even a hint of madness can be found in them.

A few years ago I got in touch with Madrid's *lederones*. Through them I realised that the anus is not just a sacred spot, but also a spot for personal improvement. They practice anal sex in a superlative degree. If there were olympic games in which one of the disciplines was anal dilatation and the highest use and enjoyment of this orifice, the lederones (leather ones) would win all the gold medals. The wonderful world of the prostate, a forbidden land (legally and morally) for the great majority of men.

Not very long ago, I also found out what to own a prostate entails (obviously, all that can be understood by someone who lacks one). Manolo, with his quasi messianic project «Hazte un Manolo» (Go Anal) is very straightforward in his explanations: any person with a prostate inside his arse can achieve a wonderful orgasm with it. Here's a quote from his blog's heading words: «The responsible exercise of freedom widens the truth and sometimes truth is orgasmically subversive». Obviously, in order to reach it one has to enter the arse, its gate, its living quarters. A bolted and barred door due to the danger its pleasure poses when open. Every time they prohibit something is because it poses a risk for the established power and when these prohibitions get inside one's body, the condition of free beings is then lost and we become puppets. After some time digesting it, this knowledge of the male body caused an infinite sadness on me for all the men that will never discover what they have deep inside (not that deep) their arseholes. The same sadness I felt when I learnt that millions of women never knew or will know about their clits.

During the demonstration in 2008 against transsexuality being classified as a pathology, Divina Huguet and Teresa Martín came up to me in Plaza de Sant Jaume to interview me. They were in the process of their project *Transvisibles*, on transgender and transsexuality (in which Bea Espejo, Miquel Missé and Marina Collell, from the Guerrilla Travolaka, also took part) and they contacted me for my poem "Transfrontera" which was read by Verónica Arauzo during the homage to Sonia Rescalvo at the Ciutadella. We met by chance at the demonstration and they wanted to interview me right on the spot. The interview was very interesting (in spite of my evident inebriated state) and one of the questions they asked me has come to mind regarding the present subject and which I transcribe:

They: ¿Does the state make up our bodies?

Me: Of course, it's evident. Look, I've come out into the street with a bandage (around the breasts) to see how it feels like and well... people

keep taking me for a boy. I was working as a post-person not long ago and it was a constant “hey you lad” when I was wearing a t-shirt so my attributes wouldn’t be seen. It’s obvious that the state builds our bodies. If you have tits you’re a woman, if your hair is long you’re a woman, if you wear a skirt, you’re a woman. If you do anything not in the book, you’re something else, you’re not a woman anymore, or at least a woman lusted by the Iberian machoman... How should I know... the thing is this is a very uncouth country. And when you do something performance-like, as to bandage your tits, wear a false beard and go out in the street, you realise the pressure of being a man, like when you go out wearing a skirt, the pressure. Of course it builds our bodies, and in a very simple way. The state is very basic and besides, it’s not only the state, it’s the History of Mankind: woman/tits/bum/reproduction/bottom, man/big/hairy/top. I wouldn’t blame all on the State. The State just maintains it.

In that inebriated moment I reached one of the most important conclusions for my life and my work: we can’t blame the state for everything, it’s ridiculous. The State is just a privileged heir of a job already done. If it manipulates our bodies is because the History of Mankind and nature itself have provided the tools to do it. The most subversive characteristic of the transgender and transsexual struggle doesn’t lie on its resistance against social conventions nor in its battle against legal, medical or social impositions. Far more powerful are the modifications of aesthetic, cultural, sexual and emotional patterns they make endorsed by countless centuries of rigidity. They have managed to destabilize one of the most powerful tools of the system: the genders, and the Queer Theory owes them a lot, in this sense.

Going back to the matter of the State, I would like to add that only realising that the problem perhaps is much closer than we think, we might be able to change something. If we are aware that what we struggle against could very well be housed inside our bodies like a parasite, many more things could be achieved or at least we could fight from freed land. Finally, we live without a choice inside this flesh jumble and in order to begin a struggle, the main thing is to live in our own place. I despise the anti-system lot, who stubbornly try to fight against so huge an enemy while their arse holes are kept locked and their minds caged in patterns as terrible as the binary rule.

When one gets to know one’s body better and the amount of things that can be done with it, a feeling of fright rises simultaneously for the amount of things which are prohibited, marginalized or are a crime, just like that. To discover one’s own sexuality is

also to discover up to which point the thing we call “our sex” doesn’t belong to us at all. It belongs to the hetero-norm, to the consumer’s society, to the church and to the patriarchy, to mainstream pornography, to medicine, to the pharmaceutical industry, to fashion, to… (long list in which your name is not included).

That’s why I decided that my body and my sex had to be mine, as I am the one who feeds them, who lives with them, the one who benefits from their pleasure and suffers their pains.

And it’s no small feat to do as one fucking pleases or to constantly go experimenting beyond the imposed limits. It’s a hard task. Only this way one can say: at least I rule my own house. Half of the things (probably more) I do in bed are part of processes of which I’ve been afraid at some point. Fear at the beginning for not knowing what was happening, because I had never seen it being done or heard about it, fear because it might be something dangerous, the result of an illness or a malformation and fear that something so fucking great could be true.

The difference between me and the people that keep screwing abiding by the norm is that I have placed pleasure and curiosity before fear and I have overcome it. In these processes the second phase is always rage because, why should anyone come and tell me how to manage my knickers? Imagining the structures that are built up behind the manipulation of people’s sexualities, I perceive an ancient gigantic monster that from the depths of History and politics (not from the nature, as the human being is curious by nature) orders and commands, cuts this and that, blinds, shuts one up and lobotomizes as it pleases. And I, tiny but furious, struggle against its titanic wishes, even if it’s only to bug them and take the contrary position, I squirt like a fountain, I let my twat swallow whatever it wishes, I eat pussies, I screw men in their arses, I let myself be whipped, I frig wherever and whenever I want, I use prosthesis and let my pleasure flow and spill out everywhere.

And beyond this feeling so childish of taking a contrary position, I take pride on the fact that hands not chosen by me have not been able to padlock or bound my sexuality. In fact, I build my struggle from this freedom and the strength that I get from knowing myself free at least in one thing.

Obviously, the third phase of all this is action. One cannot keep the rage and look the other way when there are millions of people who don’t know where their clit or their prostate is, who don’t know that there are a thousand ways to fuck and that not one of them deserves to be censured. And I’m talking about the environment I’m in, because if I start thinking about ablations, death penalties for homosexuality, “disambiguating” surgery to inter sexual babies and all the amount of crimes committed daily against human

sexuality (also in our “civilized” West, of course) my task would be much more terrorist than what it is. I would probably go around armed and wouldn’t be sitting comfortably here at my desk writing this book or staging “art” performances to prove that we women also ejaculate, among other things. I don’t really know what I would be doing, because what I do is the only thing I know how to do and I do it as best as I can. Not even when one doesn’t give a shit about everything out there is good to keep rage inside. I always think what would have happened to me if I had kept on ignoring what I have now discovered with my own means, and not having it easy, believe me. I would probably be an embittered person. So if you like to fuck freely and not having discovered it before makes you furious or valuable information has been hidden, do it harder and don’t be shy; this is also a good action.

I’d like to tell you now about some practices that have been particularly marginalised due to their high subversion level.

One of them is squirting a.k.a. female ejaculation. I don’t agree with neither of these denominations. According to the first entry in the Oxford Spanish Dictionary, the noun *squirt* means literally «chorrito» (little spritz). Little spritz?? It goes to show that it’s men who write dictionaries. They couldn’t translate it into Spanish as what it is; *chorro*, a spurt of deliciously scandalous liquid. Surely not, they had to add a diminutive as always when they speak about women’s sexuality, not to make a fuss of it, to lower her to a toy condition to make our genitalia into a tiny nothingness. No way, you bloody bastards! I haven’t got a peach or a muffin or a honey pot, I’ve got a Venus Flytrap; I don’t squirt in little spritzes, I’m a fucking geyser and my clit is not just a little lump, it’s exactly the same as your cocks, except that it doesn’t stop working after an orgasm (or ten for that matter).

«Ejaculation» isn’t another of my favourites. I don’t agree in talking in male sexuality’s terms for describing female’s, as in some cases they refer to different stuff altogether. It’s rather dangerous to take one thing for the other as it can lead to big misunderstandings. So I’m going to use the word “cum”, which I have always preferred and it sounds to me far wilder than the term ejaculation. And to talk about an abundant jet of liquid that spurts out from the crotch, I believe it’s far more fitting than «ejaculation» (perhaps because water doesn’t ejaculate, but “cums” downstream. Fuck knows!).

The quote with which Chiara Schiavon begins her text and I transcribe below *Mi placer se corre como puñales* frightens me: «It’s undeniable that at times, in the internal organs and the vagina of women a mucous fluid is created during intercourse, but this only happens to lewd women or those who lead a lustful life ».

It’s a quote from a text of an early 19th century encyclopaedia, when presumably

science began to develop based on really scientific and verifiable principles and to get rid of religious conditionings. It's a text that, like all the encyclopaedic movement, was written with the aim of reaching truth following the precept of reason; a dangerous idea. And what this text is really claiming is that a woman cannot get aroused unless she's a slut, that her arousal is not legitimate. A wet cunt is exactly the same as a stiff cock, we all agree on that. How would that claim sound if it referred to male genitalia? «It's undeniable that at times the penis fills with blood, grows in length and thickness and gets hard, but this only happens to lewd men or those who lead a lustful life». Dreadful, right? Well, this is what has always been happening to female genitalia: they are a monstrosity, scary a skin-deep danger, carnivorous plants that need to be pruned so they don't eat anybody, to remove its power of arousal and leave just the power to arouse, to permanently be the recipient of pleasure from others and never be able to produce its own.

Get rid of competition, create fear to the unknown because knowing it endangers the patriarchal state. The weight of something as socially important as sexuality has been laid upon ignorance. This is what has happened with all this crap.

Imagine then that time moves on in history and science with it, every time there are less things in the human anatomy to name or study, it is already known that the clitoris is the organ which provokes orgasm in women, also that (I'm not sure if this is a well known fact) it is the only organ in the human body with the exclusive function of producing pleasure and the difference from the penis (which is also used to piss or for reproduction) is that its only purpose is for us to squirt. In this sense a clit poses a challenge, contempt, a perverse something, the weird little brother. Moreover, the fact that a great number of women in the world (those who have managed to keep it safe and sound) are unaware of its existence is not by chance, it's a product of the complex engineered information that women get about their bodies.

I often wonder if our grandmothers know what an orgasm is and that infuriates me. I reckon there hasn't been a single adult man in the bloody history of mankind who has died not having shot out at least once. This sentence I've just written has provoked a horrible pain in my bollocks: over me, all the aborted squirts of all the women who died not knowing how to set their pleasure free, not being able to release the energy produced by desire; hysterical, of course...bleeding swines!

A woman's squirt isn't just an act of pleasure that overflows more or less spectacularly. It's a terrorist act. A revenge dragging centuries of repressed orgasms or that never managed to come. My squirting spurt reaches further if I think in all those women, in all the victims of medicine, of psychiatry, of marriage and the patriarchal system. It's also

very childish, very convenient and quite feministish to blame it all on that bloody patriarchy. If I keep on going deeper, I'll end up talking about brain cells, about nanoscopic cells that determine who has the power to subdue and who lacks the means to revolt. I would go on with testosterone, the power hormone, to say that if our twats haven't stretched wider and better, if our twats have always been conquered land and never territory to be conquered and for which to fight, it has been because basically we haven't got the same level of testosterone in the blood as "them", although it may sound reductionist.

In this moment I also have to state that it turns out that even without the advantage of the hormone we are also powerful, we only need to set our crotches free and let it flow over the world like an apocalyptic plague, like a virus, like a fucking tsunami.

After those performances in which I have carried out a squirting demonstration, puzzled women often came to question me about what had happened. Most of them ask how I do it, others (also ejaculators) if it's pee. They ask if that little puddle they leave in bed is something they shouldn't feel shameful about... My answer is always the same; not pee at all, luv, squirt like a hose, make a scene in bed, water your lover like you water the flowers. It's your right and it turns into an obligation right when you admit that you feel bad because it happens.

I've never been able to explain exactly the technique to do it. I'm good at explaining how to avoid it; that's how I discovered the way women avoid it without being aware that they do, so I can tell them what the fuck they can do to stop avoiding it, to let it flow or to encourage it with the power of a cyclone.

In this moment I'm referring to the investigation carried out by Chiara Schiavon on the topic because, honestly, I've been more concerned about why the others didn't experience what for me has always been a completely natural thing (a spraying orgasm).

My pleasure squirts like daggers by Chiara Schiavon

«It's undeniable that at times, in the internal organs and the vagina of women a mucous fluid is created during intercourse, but this only happens to lewd women or those who lead a lustful life ».

(see note 30)

«In a world where pleasure goes through image, that is the great mutation»

- Roland Barthes, 1980 -

The action of making sex keeps being dangerous, outlawed. As Valérie Tasso said: «I believe that nowadays talking about sex has stopped being taboo, the real taboo has turned to be sex itself» Not easy to discover squirting at 30 and not to wonder why no one has told me about it before or why only few women know how to do it.

Looking up information about what squirting is, I've found myself in a desert. Below, I pass on to you the few drops of knowledge on this subject, although I have to say that they have bewildered me..

This following Internet article was written by Carmen Márquez (I personally don't know her) on September 11th, 2007 in the blog *Educa sexo, blog sobre educación sexual* (Educate sex, sexual education blog):

«The truth is that there are various theories about it, but it cannot be stated yet without the shadow of a doubt if the dampness that builds up in the vagina of women after reaching climax can or cannot be considered ejaculation. It is not only that there are few data on the topic, but besides, some are contradictory with each other. Bearing in mind this introduction, let's talk about what we do know and we could begin by saying that when we talk about female ejaculation, it refers to the moment in which liquid reaches the vaginal area during the contractions that culminate in a woman's orgasm. This liquid is produced by the Skene glands, which are located in the vagina, next to where spot G can be stimulated. When the woman is aroused, these glands fill up with liquid and in the same manner as with an orgasm, the pelvis contracts itself, makes pressure on the various organs in the area (among them the Skene glands) and the overflowing and then the outpour of this milky liquid substance is produced. In general, little amount comes out, but occasionally it may be abundant due to the fact that these glands have the amazing capacity of vacate and fill themselves in barely a few seconds. Thus, for instance, if orgasm is prolonged and vaginal contractions are numerous, a really surprising amount can be secreted. Current research is focussed on finding out if this secreted liquid is mainly urine which leaks due to incontinency or due to weakness of the muscles in charge of controlling it, if it is just the substance secreted by the Skene glands or if it is a mixture of both. Another point to bear in mind is that the Skene glands do not work in the same way in all women, as there are cases in which the above mentioned secretion does not occur at all ».

Another definition of squirting that gives us some more information comes from an article in the newspaper *El Mundo*, taken from its on-line page in the section *Cama redonda*, written by Josep Tomás on April 2nd, 2008.

«[...] The producer of these discharges secreted by the urethra are the urethral, para-urethral and Skene glands found in the area at the front of the vagina, the well known G spot. Although it contains urea or creatinine, it is not urine; its main components are glucose, fructose and the prostatic acid phosphatase, also present in male semen. Ejaculation is usually produced during orgasm caused by the pelvic contractions that it originates».

After reading this article, which shed some light, I told myself: “let’s find the definition of the ghostly G spot” and I’ve found this following and amazing entry. Fortunately, the Wikipedia crowd have warned to be careful with the definition, as it bears no scientific backing... the remarks between brackets are mine:

«The Gräfenberg Spot, better known as G Spot, named after its Discoverer the German gynaecologist Ernst Gräfenberg, is a small genital area in women located behind the pubic bone and around the urethra. It is the same, or at least part of it, as the spongy urethra where the Skene glands are found. It is said that the stimulation of the G spot (through the vagina’s front wall) produces a stronger and more satisfactory orgasm and that is probably the reason for female ejaculation. Such stimulation requires a thrust somehow the opposite to the one needed to reach the maximum clitoral arousal with the penis. (The clarity of this last sentence is great. I’m drawing it to fully understand it and besides, how does it all work without a penis?) Many books on sex advice those couples incapable of reaching an orgasm in the woman to consider the stimulation of the G spot as a sexual technique.

A growing number of experts believe that the reason this produces an “outwards” orgasm or even an ejaculation in women when stimulated is that the G spot has evolved to a point that “triggers” birth (the thing is that experts still think in terms of woman = mother, no other way is possible, there’s no possibility of searching pleasure via one’s cunt, disregards its reproductive destiny). The foetus head pushes this spot during birth, and this seems to

trigger the last phase of the thrust. This is translated into a more significant contraction of the vagina during normal sexual stimulation..

The G spot may not be just a discreet spot (what the fuck is this “discreet” rubbish?). In fact, some scientists, such as Natalie Angier argue that it is a group of deep nerves in the clitoris which pass through the tissues to connect with the backbone.

The clitoris possesses deep roots and may change size and position slightly as hormone levels change at the different stages in the life of a woman (didn't know this!).

A penis curved upwards has the natural ability of making more pressure on the front wall of the vagina. If a penis does not bend upwards, different sexual positions may be needed. For instance, a man whose penis curves downwards may find the penetration from the back is more appropriate in order to stimulate the G spot, as the curve will make pressure on the front wall. (Without a penis, there's no G spot or penetration or orgasm or female; there's bugger all! And on top of that, there are some who have the guts to say that this is not a phallus centred society...).

The stimulation of the G spot by means of the tongue or a finger is possible thanks to the combined pressure of pressing the clitoris downwards while the tongue or the finger is arched upwards as in an attracting gesture. The finger or the tongue must be about 2,5 and 7,5 centimetres inside the vagina in order to get results (all women dream of an elastic 15 centimetres long tongue... why not!?). However, each woman may need a different kind of stimulation.

It is thought that the G spot stimulation becomes more intense in women over thirty years of age because the changes in the structure of the tissues inside the vagina allow for an easier access to the said spot. Some women believe that this is the reason why they reach their sexual summit around thirty.

Male G spot: The term G spot can also be used for the prostate. This exclusively masculine gland is often stimulated during homosexual sexual relations (obviously, anal sex in heterosexual couples when it is the woman who penetrates is illegal). The constant friction of the penis against the prostate produces an intense orgasm with an involuntary ejaculation and strong spasms in passive men (again the binary categories of bottom-passivity-submission-weakness/top activity-control-power)».

Well, after all this, I'll stick to my active experience and try to explain my way what

squirting means to me. Squirting is basically the act of coming, female ejaculation, not of only feel an orgasm, but come with an expulsion of vaginal fluid that may come out with more or less pressure and be more or less spectacular, not to say a scandalous laugh! This act implies a change in paradigm, a break up with the education regarding bio-women. Up until a few months ago every time I had an orgasm I used to contract the muscles of my vagina to stop anything coming out from it or to avoid an excessive outflow. It was an instinctive act, fruit of so much patriarchal heterosexist repression where a woman's pleasure didn't exist except as the prize for the bravery of the bio-man able to produce pleasure disregarding the freedom and the capacity of women to find pleasure; it was always the mirror where the man or the couple (leaving the doubt open in homosexual couples) saw their power reflected. And, by the way, this power could not be shadowed by a more spectacular cum than a male ejaculation.

Contrary wise, squirting, implies to invert the action of the vaginal muscles, not to hold, but to push producing a wave that drags millennia of non agreed submission expelled outwards as explosive as the fourth of July fireworks.

It's a feeling of freedom, at times cosmic, it's the conscience of one's pleasure that fills the space, that bursts out of control, expands and expresses itself in all its might.

With the naivety of a cub when taking her first steps, I've felt really stupid for not having discovered it before, Feeling my body as a stranger to me. And I thought: how many years not knowing the limits of my own body, how many years of not fully enjoy my pleasure!.

And following this reflexion, my heterosexual past has begun to rearrange itself like a puzzle, and ignorance has squashed me face to the ground. Before anything, I deeply believe that we get a moralist education that trains us to forget our bodies, as well as catholic, which never lets us live pleasure as pure joy and a quest, but within the logic of the reproductive pleasure born from guilt and redemption (pain as pleasure is the privilege of penitents and to enjoy it one must be enrolled in the order).

With such education, the ignorance regarding the pleasures of the bodies is flabbergasting. To begin, I remember that a few decades ago didn't have a clit and the little thing there didn't matter much, as long as it wasn't so big that it could compete with the power of its big brother, the phallus that sees everything.

On the other side, the anus is that no man's land which threatens the virility of the bio-man with the ghost of homosexuality and the femininity of the bio-women with the promiscuity of the tart. And the search for new pleasure spots out of place according to the reproductive sexuality centre... useless.

Sexuality keeps being a private affair, but the ejaculation of the bio-man has all the public nature: comes outside, occupies space, leave an imprint as opposed to the bio-woman pleasure which is transparent. Bullshit!

From my stance as part of that minority of bio-women who chose our sexual and emotional practices to be a search for freedom, I find myself at thirty with all my rage, as I'm aware that each one of our sexual behaviours keeps being controlled every day.

Yet, luckily, everyday we find out new gaps from which to dynamite the fear and this tentacular structure. Squirting is a political act against the repression of the free expression of pleasure and not just pleasure, but of all those forms of excess banned to bio-women and all the people by a system that wants us all to be implosive. Squirting is a political act against the fear to explode, against the fear to feel the intensity of life, of sex as action, as a strategy to overcome the fear of dying.

Where I had a cunt before, now I have a rocket that sparks when squirting!

What the fuck's the matter with them? Why do they screw us so much, why do they take over our bodies to make them servile, obedient, malleable? Very simple: we give them the creeps. Women with boners, ejaculators, penetrators, fuckers, floozy, lecherous. Yessir, lecherous, obscene, killer twats, anti-Victorian hysterics (who only could be cured by frigging them off), bodies that reveal themselves strong and monster-like.

These bastards think that the hole through which their stupid little heads came out when their mothers gave birth to them is absolutely harmless, a sweet little gap that can be trained and belongs to them. Well, that's it! I'd like to see those who feel themselves superior because they have a cock in the situation of having to shit a three and a half kilo melon without bating an eyelid or shedding a tear. Well, maybe this is why I value the lederones so much (more like a metaphor than political subjects): they are mavericks of the inverted birth, anal contortionists, prostatic jugglers, heroes of confusion. They don't fit into what society would classify as "poofers". Their cultured masculinity and the fetish of itself is their sign of identity and a camouflage at the same time. He could be the sweaty bricklayer loading bricks, the furniture mover, the lumberjack, the family doctor with that permanently well trimmed beard, the butcher; gentlemen who when are not unnoticed what catches one's eye is their technique to perform a human male.

The lederones, (bears also, in a way) not only dismantle at a stroke the theory (widespread in this world of ignorant-hetero pseudo-machomen) that homosexuals are men who lost their manhood, whose masculinity is atrophied, but they also contradict it in

an amazing way.

I've always found rather odd what I largely identify as an iberian/mediterranean trait: a man is a man according to where he sticks his rod and only by means of a woman's pussy can he be complete, as men who don't like to lay with women are immediately demoted to the condition of sub-males. I've never known and no one has ever explained it to me clearly enough why the "authenticity" or "purity" of a gender must be dependent on another gender.

The tale about complementarity can't be swallowed. It's obvious that alliances among human beings can be absolutely mono-generic and go like clockwork (a clear example of this are the monasteries or the armies). Also, I don't think it's fair to blame it all on the reproductive rigmarole. A man who goes to war to kill or get killed doesn't produce anything and the image of a warrior is universally identified with absolute manhood. The male who risks his life for some crock, such as war or bullfight is constantly jeopardizing the reproduction of the species and doesn't lose his male status, but reinforces it. It would be great if someone could explain in a logic way why the gender a person has sexual relations with is so determining for the validity of its own gender.

That's why a big, strong and hairy hunk causes terrible interference in the hetero-normative system when he fucks another male as macho as him.

This is puzzling enough, brutal and transgressor, but if we also observe their sexual practices, we have a huge bomb in front of us. And I specifically mean their anal practices, which for me are the only ones having any political interest.

No doubt, anal fisting is an extreme practice and it can be seen particularly in the precautions that must be taken before performing it (and also in the consequences it has not to take those precautions), but above all in its terrifying and terrorist weight. I'm particularly interested in it because I find it is the perfect metaphor for sexual insurrection, of pleasure terrorism. The anus is an abject blind hole, as Beatriz Preciado claims in her wonderful «Terror anal», the epilogue in Guy Hocquenghem's book *El deseo homosexual* (Homosexual Desire): «The Holy Fathers, fearful that the delivered body knew the pleasure of not-being-a-man, of not-be-human [...] took everything they had available [...] and started a technique to remove from the anus any capacity other than the excreting one. After giving it some thought, they found a clean method to castrate the anus: to stick a dollar inside the baby's asshole while they exclaimed: "Shut up your anus and you will own, you will have a woman, children, objects, you will have a country. As from now you will own your identity". [...] And so were heterosexual men born in the late 19th Century: bodies whose anuses have been castrated. Although they appear as masters and winners,

they are really mistreated and wounded bodies ».

Fisting performed by men does not only go beyond the obstacle of the presumed virility loss which implies that a man opens his legs to be penetrated, but does it in a superlative way, disintegrating the topic, fisting the castrating structure.

The lederones know that penetrability has nothing to do with being a man. They don't need these Holy Fathers to come and tell them who has the power; they have it along with their endless bungholes, no doubt.

I know a few men who have given up the marvellous pleasure of shitting in order to be able to practice fisting regularly. Clearly, it must beat sitting in the loo with the newspaper and let the shit out. They carry a bag attached to their legs connected to a catheter that goes through their large intestine from the side and shit pops into the bag. The muscles in their anuses have stretched and their intestines cannot hold back. They have turned them into instruments to obtain pleasure. Obviously, most of the men I know who practice fisting still shit through the same place as all the rest, but I know first hand that things like giving up shitting in favour of fisting happens. I was told that by the guys in a venue called *Eagle*, in the heart of Chueca, where the men (and some women) who practise BDMS had their current lair. They are lucky, some doctors even went through the bother of inventing solutions for their nonsense, researching the consequences of this extreme activity and put their knowledge and findings to the service of the sexuality of men who practice it.

I still harbour serious doubts if they are really aware of their transgression (one that goes beyond the fact of being queers) because at times, when chatting and observing their lives, I've got the feeling that the only thing in their minds is to have at least one day off a week to go fisting in the dark room of their choice. This doubt, however, doesn't diminish importance to the fact that their acts can be used to reflect on topics such as masculinity or the limits of the body. Ultimately, they have few things to worry about: society doesn't judge them beforehand and besides they enjoy specialized medical assistance available. On the other hand, for us women, there is an information vacuum, as usual.

The last time I visited my (private) gynaecologist, I was too naive believing that she would know what fisting was. She knows that for a long time my sexual practices have been carried out in the female scene, so I tried to explain that sometimes one or two fingers are not quite enough and I like to feel the whole hand inside. She panicked and could not tell me exactly what kind of medical consequences that could have. Just by mere deduction she told me she was sure that it would affect the bladder one way or another and that some women suffer a severe cystitis after giving birth.

That was the point I wanted to reach with her, but she couldn't help me much, she only gave me a vague clue. Practice has taken me to the conclusion that vaginal fisting may cause a cystitis (those of us who have suffered its consequences gave it the name of «fistitis»). That's why I think it's important to reflect here the conclusions I've reached. They are far from being scientific because I'm not a gynaecologist, but seeing that no one has bothered investigating it (at least as far as I know, and I've tried to find it, believe me) better this than nothing.

The most basic, and perhaps the most important thing to bear in mind, is to have an empty bladder when having the fist in. When it isn't empty, the pressure of the fist on it pushes urine out and worst, it may go in again due to the pressure and the movement of the hand. And if it does, it's not just urine, as it's mixed with vaginal fluid; with cum, with thousands of agents alien to the bladder that almost inevitably lead to an infection in the urine (perhaps in the kidney, in the worst of cases). Obviously, wearing vinyl gloves or washing hands thoroughly (of course after trimming fingernails) before sticking them inside a pussy is essential. As it is basic to use a good lube (water based ones are less aggressive for cunts and olive oil isn't bad either). And, well...patience is another key element in this matter. I always say that if a head can come out, a fist can go in, although obviously, the dilating conditions given when delivering are never the same as when screwing. Delivering is something aggressive for the vagina and during it the body secretes substances to encourage dilatation, so not all hands fit into a pussy without harming it. If it doesn't go in, well, that's it. Pain doesn't need to be a part of this practice and a safe way to do it is never losing the connection with what the other body is telling us. Pain is there to save our arses (or cunts) many a time and this one is no exception.

The most interesting thing about vaginal fisting (lesbian, to be more specific) is that it teaches us something important. The typical pseudo-machomen sentence that makes me mad «what these birds need is a big stiff cock » repeated by most hetero men when they refer to lesbians (in reality they are frustrated because they don't need them or their cocks), is erased by this practice. A big cock? I still haven't had the luck of finding a cock with a bigger diameter than a fist's. Length is out of the question, right?

Our fists will remain eternally erect to oust once and for all that absurd idea (not completely unreasonable, damned those shut clams of the pseudo-feminist dykes) that between two women there can't be a penetrating element. Not just that, it's a non prosthetic penetrating element, it's in the body, made of bone, flesh and muscle. It makes us completely self sufficient and much more than that: an orgasm reached by means of fisting beats the hell out of one reached by any other means. It's an orgasm born in the

centre of the body that explodes inside like a galaxy and, truly, one can see the stars, all the fucking constellations in front of you.

So, I build up a holy shrine for the Virgin of the Fist, our own, that has nothing to do with the human meanness, but with the gluttony of our insatiable, non conformist and shameless orifices.

Anal gay fisting is present more than enough in porn. Let's not forget at any time that these gentlemen (although they are queers) don't have to give up the power to be subversive, In fact they don't even have to struggle for it (at least in the porn industry): it was given to them the instant they were born and the doctor said «it's a boy».

Something terrible happens with vaginal fisting, as well as with a female squirt: pornography tends to turn it into a parody, into a circus act. I don't know how many men or women masturbate watching women squirting or vaginal fistings. I'd bet anything that they (we) are a minority. In fact, in pages like *xtube*, *pornotube* or *redtube*, this type of scenes have been relegated to the category of *crazy&wild*, *bizarre* or *extreme*. Most wankers prefer their seminal little jets not to be threatened by spectacular cums or that the fist of a young lady doesn't take prominence out of their indispensable cocks.

That's why I open up like a hungry bitch in my performances. To welcome a hand (never innocent) into my cunt. A hand that, as in a magic trick that pulls a rabbit out of the hat, fists me to bring out a poem and after makes me cum as water runs downstream, I mean, flushing.

I can only understand the root of the acceptance of sexual repression as a direct consequence of fear to the unknown. It is obviously a repression that benefits those who don't want us to be free or self sufficient, but intelligent people who spend their whole lives repressed don't do it, not because they are not aware of this repression, but because they are scared of losing their privileges and the rewards that the system places before those who yield, those who mutilate themselves. It's an extremely easy case of reward and punishment, almost as dog training: if you do what you are told, you get a reward otherwise it wouldn't be worth it to sacrifice something as important; if you don't do the "right" thing, a system of punishments has been devised for you. So if you want to be free, get ready for it. But, what's the price for sexual freedom? How much does to have an orgasm cost, or never have it? Honestly, I (on sale in many senses) will never sell something so sacred that affects directly my health and my happiness.

Naturally, it's not necessary to go round sticking fists into your arsehole or cunt, squirting like a fountain or having an orgy everyday to get rid of sexual repression. It's enough to be aware that we can do whatever we please with our bodies and not necessarily

be sick or criminals. There are practices you may like more or less than others, but it's important to know the many faces of sex in order to know what we really like and to dare finding it.

That said: from fear to rage and from rage to action. Don't let them block you, don't get stuck in the fear or the rage. Action! Or as Benedetti would say: «do not freeze joy, do not love half hearted, do not stand motionless on the side of the road » and do not let anyone save you, there's nothing to be afraid of.

ANOTHER KIND OF TERRORISM AND THE STRUGGLE AGAINST CENSORSHIP OF ALL «SEXUAL»

«When a man won't let you live, kill him, killing him
is self defence act».

- Leopoldo María Panero

WHEN ON DECEMBER SEVENTEENTH, 2007 I finally decided to spread my tentacles around the cyberworld, the first post I wrote was the one below:

«Is there perhaps a more beautiful fusion than that of the words “porn” and “terrorism”? The erotica of horror, an uncharted land that opens itself like a corpse ready for an autopsy. In the same way that funerals make laugh, occasionally, the image of a beautiful cadaver makes me wet my knickers. The first feeling is that we will never be able to overcome the shame of that situation, the humiliation imposed by society when something politically non-correct seduces us. But it can be overcome. Oh, yes, it can! It is overcome with the first wank, the first act of cult to horror. It is the only way of defeating it, by letting it seduce us and become its tender sweetheart ».

And as subtitle for the heading of the blog, one of my best mottos (in fact the only one): «For the right to get randy with whatever I fancy». This is how it all began and it has turned out to be the most convenient way in which I can express my rage, my wishes and to spill out my deliriums not having anyone coming to tell me how to do things. Pure exhibitionism, I reckon.

In the beginning, it just didn't cross my mind that I was doing something illegal or even subversive enough to get myself in trouble. At the time I was living in Tucson, Arizona, right in the middle of the Sonora desert among the monotony of the horizon, peace and solitude and the multi-coloured sunsets. Nothing made me suspect that right in the middle of that expanse anybody in the world could be interested in what I was doing or that bothered the government. But I was wrong. In the U.S.A., and I guess in many other places as well, when someone opens a web or blog with the words «terrorism» or «porn», somewhere in a police station, the FBI or fuck knows where, a red light blinks. And I, with my porn and my terrorism had all the numbers for them to take the trouble to know who was behind it. To weeks after, a car with tinted windows parked on the other side of the road and stayed there for three or four days (with their nights). Now and again it disappeared, but after a while it came back. I spent plenty of time alone at home because Amie, the person who shared my life at the time, worked many hours and I began to feel frightened even to open the blinds of the living room or to sit in the porch for fear of them knowing that I was aware of their presence. I guess they left when they found out that the only explosive thing in the house were the shags we had.

The fear that that bunch of nutters had created in me by taking the pains of pestering me, made me realise of the strength I had in my hands, these hands that discreetly on a keyboard in the middle of nothingness could do something to really bugger them. And I set to work more encouraged than before. In the beginning I opened the blog moved just by an exhibitionist instinct. Afterwards, I began to think that a place in the Net where one could talk about sexuality among other things, not mincing words, wasn't a bad idea at all.

As expected, very soon I bumped into censorship. I had to get out of *blogger*, as certain stuff was not allowed on it and because I was afraid that at any moment it would be directly erased from the Net without a warning, as what happened with three *myspace*, four *facebook*, one *dailymotion* channel and four *youtube*. This first time in *myspace* was because I uploaded a photo in which my tits could be seen. That pissed me off a lot because there were thousands of photos of blokes who uploaded photos showing off their tits and

no one said anything.

In *youtube*, for uploading the videos of my performances. It wasn't just anger this time, it was indignation and incomprehension. I couldn't reason out why one could upload clips of massacres, decapitations, accidents, bullying, beatings, etc., and mine were not allowed on that site. I don't mean to say that I don't agree with videos of atrocities on *youtube*, I'd never dare censure the "right to see" everybody has.

Things happen in the world. Some people record them and some people upload then on the Internet. Then, there are those who decide to watch them or not. We don't need anybody coming to tell us what to watch and what not to watch, we don't need anybody to protect us from anything. Selective protection buggers me off. Supposedly, the reason why certain things are banned on *youtube* (and other sites) is to protect people from sensible material, their innocence... I don't know, some rubbish of that kind. When *youtube* censors it's because someone has pointed out that such and such videos are inappropriate and then some other someone from inside decides whether to remove it or not. Therefore, according to their criteria it's more inappropriate to watch a naked woman reading poetry (or doing the presentation of her book bare breasted) than the beating of a boy in a high school. Much worse to see how a woman sticks a fist inside the twat of another than a beheading, an autopsy or a public lynching. The hanging of Saddam Hussein has been on *youtube* since early 2007. My video *Transfrontera*, in which I only read a poem naked, lasted lunch and dinner; one day.

Just to see what would happen next, I reported a video as offensive. It was one of Hitler's speeches with English subtitles uploaded by a German association publicly known as neo-nazi. As expected, pure xenophobia, an incitement to violence, to give away Jewish neighbours and hand them to the SS. About three weeks later, they replied that it was a historical document and they would not remove it. I gave up. I set myself to find another site where to upload my performances and found one where they consider that what I do is "artistic creation" and for some time I was alright there. Until one day I woke up to the mail of one of my blog's readers telling me that the videos of my performances couldn't be seen, it looked as if they had been removed. That was the case, 20 gigabytes and five hours of film had ceased to exist. Silly me who didn't know before that the *dailymotion* channels can also be private, which limits the possibility that someone may report you for inappropriate contents. So I uploaded them all again in a more cautious way and there they were one more year until catastrophe struck again. Finally, I've had to pay a yearly subscription to *vimeo* and I also keep them privately.

I moved the *blogger* blog to my own domain with *wordpress* and from there I do

literally what I feel like doing. From the very beginning I skipped all contents warnings (in *blogger* I was forced to include them) and of course, no “do not register if you are under 18”, it would clash with my principles. The name already specifies clearly that what is inside my web is not especially children’s stuff. Their fight is “to protect us” and mine is for our right to see. That’s why we get along well, our struggles are antagonistic.

The matter of censorship has always been of my interest because I have suffered it in my own flesh and in my own *bits* for a long time. I’ve always thought it to be unfair, especially the kind of censorship constantly being applied on me: sexual censorship. I was thrown out of *facebook* the first time because a friend (it wasn’t even me) uploaded a snap of us in which she was giving me a fist and she labelled me. The second time for the same reason, although in this occasion I didn’t even had time to see the photo. It must have been very dirty and offensive because it was an *express* censorship. The rest of the censorships here went through the same process.

I know I’m not a “typical” terrorist, but I also know that most of the things I do can be reported because laws haven’t been applied to let people like me express themselves and least of all, fight the system.

They are well protected and, searching among them, I could very well say that I commit a crime every single day of my life and that turns me terribly randy and makes me feel proud of myself. It’s not so difficult to be a criminal. The truth is that almost everything I like is banned or has restrictions.

How can what I do be classified as terrorism? I’ve wondered this many a time. Finally I have thought that anybody who has been labelled by society as a monster, dangerous or a bother may be called terrorist. And if the sex or the gender subject is in between, then there are more reasons, because they are concepts that produce shivers (when they go beyond the established limits) in the structure of the system more easily than others. The etymology of the word “terror” is an onomatopoeia; “trrrr”, a phonetic representation of a shivering, so perhaps the word “shiverer” would be the same as terrorist. And I’m convinced that many people of both sexes would get the shivers if the world became the way I’ve imagined; they would live terrorized in the same way I live in their world. I say this being completely aware that if I stick to the real meaning of the word, they are the fathers of terrorism.

Of course there are huge differences between my terrorism and theirs. The nuance of violence is one that defines best this difference. A pornoterrorist act may be violent, I’m not going to deny that what I do is violent. In fact it is quite a lot, but not because it contains violence in itself (that may also happen), but because the situation may be more

or less violent according to the level of brain washing or repression of the audience. I love violence when the generating factor is not outside the individual, but inside. It's not a direct attack, the message goes through the brain and the attack is provoked by the process the brain goes through in order to analyze it, hate it or ignore it.

It's not violence as we usually understand it. It's not made of fear to death, to injuries or to material destruction. A pornoterrorist bomb will always be a metaphorical one that will leave everything in its place after blowing up. It could be said that it's an explosion inside, a mental one, perhaps organic. It may harm because it's offensive, because it says things no one wants to hear or shows things not everybody wants to see, things that should be banned (some are), gagged, bound; things that should happen only in bedlams, jails or in "sinful" dumps. Pornoterrorism has an unpleasant decontextualization effect that may be very violent.

One more substantial difference is that Pornoterrorism is a counter-attack terrorism. Perhaps all terrorists are counter-attacking although they insist in calling democracy to a system that terrorizes us. For me there's no difference. A pornoterrorist arises as a reaction against a system that gets into our legs and sets control devices in our sexes; it's a terrorism based on self defence, a way of standing against injustice. I admit that my way of doing it is not subtle or discreet, or necessarily respectful. In fact it's rather brutal, I know. But I'm a bitch with enough rabies to do things in another way. Perhaps if they hadn't buggered me so much I'd just limit myself to write love poems. I've never trusted "good manners".

Pornoterrorism aims at the destruction of the enemy and in this sense it has many a thing in common with conventional terrorism. The difference is that the destruction by pornoterrorism may be constructive (should be). It's not just mere revenge or simply the urge of screwing up, but to change things making a clean break, wildly. Diplomacy, democracy and bureaucraidiocy are useless elements when things need to be changed, when angry people, after such a long time of leg pulling and repression, rise and decide that it can't go on like this. It's been too long under their yoke, we're sick and tired.

Many people have lost their lives along history for following the call of their crotches and for deciding for themselves their sexual activity. I can't even imagine the amount of people murdered by the Inquisition accused of sodomy and of using sex against the "natural laws established by God". Not going so far back in time, let's remember that there are many places where innocent people are rotting in jail, are beaten and tortured until death in the streets for the mere fact of fucking with whom and how they wish.

Although it is only for all these people who are much more fucked up than us, I do

aim for destruction.

After all this time watching the world and suffering its excesses, I have reached one conclusion: many people are born without a soul. I know this means turning things the other way round, but I've got to say it; they're the terrorists. Or at least, those who began all this were and what they deserve is a bit of their own medicine, which is what I mean to serve them. This is sex terrorism, as so is theirs. Bugger pacifism, they can stick their pretty flowers up their arses; it's not realistic, its only use is for a very precarious self-indulgence, to live in a ultimately quite selfish land of Oz. The time for seeing and shutting up, to be unnoticed, not to make any noise and to turn the other cheek ended for me a long time ago. I won't present my humanity to those who want me dead or like an idiot, I've got my inner bitch for them, faithful to her pack, a wild animal with those who want to fuck us up.

The tools I've got are no good for killing but they are perfectly useful to scare and to terrorize a hetero-patriarchal system completely outdated (although it was never fair). I do it also for all the dead people of both sexes who lost their lives because their sexualities or their genes trespassed the border of norm(ality). My weapons are my body, my word and my rage and if someone dies of a stroke watching what I do, I'll rejoice, although that's not what I'm after.

As with many others, I've made the adjective *terrorist* mine, so I'm called that name reasonably. I do this because deep inside I want to say they are right. Only this way, becoming what they say I am, will they keep me in mind.

YOU HAVE MADE ME WHAT I AM

«I am that kiss given
not being able to mention it.
I am the name you will
never utter outside.
I am that love you will deny
to save your dignity.
I am what is prohibited».

- Bambino, *Soy lo prohibido* -

«As Gregor Samsa awoke
one morning from uneasy dreams,
he found himself transformed
in his bed into a gigantic insect».
- Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis* -

I WASN'T BORN A SOCIOPATH (no one is), I didn't even grow up as such; I was a respectful and peaceful little girl. Yet, the very same instant when I understood what hate meant (and that it could easily be directed to me for various different reasons, mainly for leaving the sheep den) I began to feel it and use it as well as a very basic and primary "eye for an eye", almost a schoolyard trick. I started accumulating inside me a file of all the things deserving to be destroyed and hated, making up a mental list of all which I felt unfair, that I disliked or that one way or another interfered with my happiness (or my search for it). When I reached adolescence that list was so long that I had to explode.

I began doing uncouth things just for the sake of bugging. Take dope, steal, fuck with anybody... In other words, I became a drug addicted criminal slut.

I didn't even smoke before the moment of the blast, in fact I spent half my childhood stuffing petards into my parents' fags. So I began eating hash because smoking it made me sick. I used to dissolve it in a teaspoon with lemon and ate it after mixing it with a yoghurt.

I was once in the Parque del Retiro, where I had just bought some dope and I carried my teaspoon, my yoghurt and a lighter. As I was burning the hash, the fuzz nabbed me. When I told them as naturally as possible (I wasn't scared of them yet) that I was heating up the hash to put it into the yoghurt with my little angel's thirteen year old face, they only said: alright young girl, we thought you were taking drugs. Morons!

I used to leave the park as high as a kite and I burnt it out skating around the city as fast as I could, flying.

I got in touch with a gang of skaters whose big high of the day was to zoom along the long and wide street Paseo de la Castellana hooked to the under side of cars. I used to do it to burn out my rage. I even held onto police patrol cars. I loved holding myself between the inner part of the back tyre hollow and the front window and shout "hi, bastards!" at them

and then get lost in the backstreets knowing they would never catch me or shoot at me, as I was just a brat. If I had known before of the impunity that criminal minors get away with, I'd probably have committed a lot more. But holding onto cars was the best of all. Finally, my life didn't seem to have much sense without those things. I also used to steal a lot. Anything. It wasn't necessarily something I needed, the value for me was in the act itself. Then I gave away what I had stolen or left it in the street. Once, I got hold of one of those powerful magnets that could make any anti-theft device go off, be it expensive food or clothes. I used to leave the big department store El Corte Inglés with eight Ralph Lauren shirts under my wind breaker and then sold them for ridiculous prices. I never stole in little shops or in my neighbourhood, in a way I had my own ethical code when committing a crime; I only fucked those who had pissed me off or who I thought were a mixture of the things I hated (such as El Corte Inglés, for instance). In fact, it could be said that my little ethical code, what I managed to save from my parents' wonderful teachings, became stronger and stronger until it turned into my current basic principles.

I discovered an interest in becoming "a supreme antisocial element" as a way to give vent to all my sociopathic urges which had the final goal to destroy an atrophied system that had been upsetting me since I could remember. A system that had incrustated words like slut-butch-mad-bulldyke into me long before I could grasp their meanings and which, when I understood them, made them mine. The reality that you arseholes chose for me, not only is my pleasure, but also I'll hold it like a flag. You've turned me in what I am so proud of now, I'm a bitch with rabies and I'm going to bite your arses.

Perhaps the only thing I'd done anyway was to fuck with women, although it wasn't a stigma. But if I had been born and grown up in a society that didn't condemn people for trying to exercise the freedom of their bodies and minds, probably I'd have never done it. I'd have kept on being that peaceful and respectful little girl, I'd have had enough with reality if reality had been somewhat less hostile. Ultimately, why change or destroy something that suits us and adjusts to our idea as to how things should be? But nothing further from the reality...

The first adjective-label-insult I got when I was a child was butch: I never liked to behave like the rest of the girls that I knew. I loved climbing trees, running, jumping, getting my clothes and hands dirty, hitting things, being mischievous like a wild animal. It's so much fun when boys do it and so abominable if it's girls who do it. What seemed to be being feminine, to me was like being locked, uncomfortable, humiliating and castrating.

In the interview that Elena/Urko from Post Op gave to La Lluna de Calígula for the documentary *Marimachos* (Butches), in a few words she paints how hard it can be for a girl

to be forced to adjust from a very early age to the cannons of femininity:

«I distinctly remember the christening of my younger cousin. How a chequered dress was put on me with some kind of horrendous bib and I spent the whole ceremony struggling to take it off because I didn't want to wear it and everybody there was saying how cute I looked. What annoyed me most of feminine attitudes, the clothes and behaviours, is that they are uncomfortable, they made you trip and prevent you from doing lots of things, dresses, shoes, everything. They made one less free».

I've chosen Elena's words because I was a more or less happy tomboy, at least at home. When I questioned my mum about the meaning of the word, she told me a *marimacho* was a girl with a masculine behaviour and, to be honest, I didn't find anything wrong with it at all, so that did not affect me as it has affected other women who, on top of being harassed by people who don't want them, they also suffer that hell at home. I couldn't identify myself with that insult only to a certain extent and as I knew that a complete connivance with the plans that society had in store for me was totally impossible, for a few years I tried to be unnoticed so they would stop rapping me with the nonsense of being more feminine.

The hardest attacks I suffered were in my mum's hometown when we spent the summer there. I was more conspicuous there than in the city, as they were just a bunch of bored people who had nothing better to do than to stare at "strangers", criticise them and issue silly judgements based on the most primitive ignorance. It is quite hard to be inside a costumbrist picture, and Spain is a deeply stupid country. The little children in the city were cruel but in the little town they were wild as well. Adults weren't shy when they passed judgement. One of my aunts once told me that I looked like a scarecrow and that way I would never fetch a boyfriend. Despite being just a young girl (or perhaps due to that) I didn't answer back because I felt pity. She was an old woman and I didn't want to give my mum and my grandparents a headache. I always had to put up with the subnormalities that people spat all over me, because it was a town where everything was known by everybody with amazing speed and ultimately, it wasn't me who had to live there all the year round (had it been that way, I think I'd have hanged myself from an olive tree before reaching fourteen). So I used to feel very sullen during my stays in the town, which were only fun until the moment I had to start behaving like a young lady. I hardly ever went outdoors to play with the other children and the dog, the pleasant company of my grandparents and the air of the countryside were the only things that kept me reasonably happy.

With time, *marimacho* has become a word I like. But that has happened only after a rather heartrending mental relocation process. It's not easy to find any offensive nuance in a word that has tortured me so much until I myself have become an offensive *marimacho*.

In conclusion, I am. Yes, I am a *marimacho* outdoors, the only place from where anyone has been able to judge me. Outside the wall (that I had to put up to be able to breath in the middle of all their crap) I'm everything they say I am, and much more, and that's the only thing they'll be able to see of me, my carcass. They don't need to carry out any more analysis to understand their tiny reality, clean and tidy like an IKEA aisle. But, inside here, I know very well what I am and what being a woman means to me. It is such a huge concept and with so many nuances and shades that it would be too difficult for a "prototype" woman to feel small next to me. Even a prototype man wouldn't reach me.

In bed they say I'm a female alpha and I always reply that I'm a queer. Who cares? I'm deeply feminine when I want and the macho of machos when I fucking feel like it. Here's the horror of what I am, built up with hands that never touched me, with eyes that never looked at me and with words that could never pronounce my name properly or grasp the complexity of my conscience.

One more resource to momentarily get rid of my rage and perhaps the healthiest and most pleasant of all (and not so criminal) was sex, which paradoxically increased my hate and my revenge desires. Let's say that in a way it gave me a power that the street or the drugs couldn't give me, because the only moment my power could be really represented was when I was screwing, the only moment that the change my existence imprinted in reality could be truly seen. Nobody cared that a druggie brat on skates sailed the city committing thousands of minor crimes, she was an insignificant worm. But I felt that when fucking I was perverting deeper and even primitive structures at an organic level. A sweet *vendetta* born in my crotch to say "look, here I am building my fortress".

Had it not been for sex, perhaps I would be a smackhead, or a bank robber, lost and with no future. Perhaps my home would be now a psychiatric hospital, a rehab centre, jail or cemetery. There's also the scary possibility that I'd have enrolled the police or the military forces, you know, to purge all my frustrations bludgeoning or shooting people. Or even worse if I had ended up subdued by their "femininity" and had become a peaceful and "happy" housewife, a model mother, a good citizen.

Perhaps I'd have decided to yield to their expectations (and take a profit out of its advantages) in change of leaving behind all my desires. I could have given up all of them because they were fragile ways to channel my rage, they were subterfuges easily replaceable by others. All except one: my sex. My sex was strong in vulnerable moments

and stayed there to teach me that to renounce to one's desires is suicide.

And as sex is what saved me from so many nasty things, when I started experimenting with creativity I put my mind into it to clean out all the shit, polish its sacred name and restore its wings.

This is a plea for our freedom. That rap about one's freedom ending when it clashes with other people's freedom never seemed fair or equitable to me, I always thought that the powerful are the ones who get a benefit from it because, what happens when the freedom of others restricts ours? Here lies the germ of my terrorism. My freedom ends and begins wherever I fucking feel like, because it's obvious that if I abided by the norms of the others I wouldn't be able to do any of the things I like doing, I'd be bound and gagged, I'd be a slave of social complacency.

I don't believe in tolerance or respect anymore. I've always felt disgusted by people that preach tolerance. To tolerate is to spare the life of that particular annoying individual you just can't get rid of because it would be anti-constitutional and so you decide to allocate a peripheral space in society for him or her. To say: "you're allowed to live, but don't get out of hand". To tolerate is always an unfair deal where there's someone who tolerates (the one with the power) and someone else who gives thanks, bows head and apologizes for being that way.

And respect, one of my main values, is something no one remembers when passing judgement on people or on practices that disagree with heteronorms. Respect is now just one word for pamphlets in the hypocritical environment of political and religious lingo. It doesn't represent any practices. That's why I only respect those who respect me. The rest may as well piss off, as far as I'm concerned.

At times, it's as simple as saying "it wasn't me who started it". In reality, the fragility of my freedom is not found in the fragility of my person, but in the force of the impositions from the system, which ultimately only end up by making one stronger, although objectively, we're just like tiny ants next to them. The freedom of Catholics (as an example of a gigantic repressor) must be worth more than mine, but mine is much simpler and requires less efforts and less money although to defend it is a titanic task.

There they are; *el Foro de la Familia*, *la Conferencia Episcopal*, all that scum without a soul demonstrating in the streets for the banning of a woman's freedom to decide if she wants to be a mother or not, for a person not to have the freedom to choose if he or she can make a family with a homosexual partner; there they are demonstrating to decide what punishment the people who skip their norms deserve and what prizes for those who obey. Let's not forget that they are the same kind of people who would come to watch us burn in

the bonfires cheering and clapping hands if we had been unfortunate enough (and they so lucky) of being born 500 years ago. The same people that would have fired at us against the wall, not going back in time that much. Nothing changes in people's types: there are those who carry it in their blood and others who learn it; fascism and ignorance are a quasi organic something in this sense, although fortunately, nothing is that much determinist.

The world is full of hateful beings and that's why I feel hate. Beings who deserve death or torment are the reason why I am a guerrilla and I mistreat them. Bagfuls of shit walking the streets like legitimate citizens and that's why I shit in the streets. The world is full of people who hate me and they don't even know me and that's why I hate so much that I can't cope with all the hate.

If a child is brought up to be free, generous, good, intelligent and a beauty lover, when it is released into the world, it will become a monster. Because the world is full of real and ideological jails and the word "freedom" is more like a publicity slogan than a flag, as it is ruled by mercantile principles and money is all, because goodness is something so obsolete that is always watched through untrusting eyes almost pathologically, because intelligence is a precious property in those who pull the strings and a public danger in the puppets, because beauty lives in cages or shop windows. That's how proud I am of my monstrosity because in it and through it can I express my constantly reviled virtues, because in it lies spotless my personal ethical code. I'm still good, generous, intelligent and a lover of beauty; they couldn't put their paws on that.

I know I wouldn't be who I am and I wouldn't do the things I do if my enemy didn't exist. So, finally, I've even got to be thankful for so much vexation, so much hypocrisy and so much rubbish. What I have turned into is beautiful, although in the remote and hypothetical instance that there was nothing to fight or struggle for, I can't imagine myself being any other way. It's not completely healthy to be happy all the time.

The terrorism I practice was taught to me by them and I have adapted it to my wishes. That's how I learnt that hate creates more hate and exactly the same with rage, but far from throwing in the towel or head for a less war-like and more sensible path, I made my religion out of my sociopathy.

The herds of monsters that you have created by yourselves are now awake and will be present far beyond your worst nightmares. We are an unstoppable reality.

We will inherit the world and all of you swines that hold up the power which you think so solid will be buried before you realise; then we, the mutants, the whores, the butches, the transgenerics will desecrate your graves and fuck, piss, squirt on them and then crush them. The world won't be like you imagine. It will be ours and hugely different.

PERFORMING PORNOTERRORISM

«I confess before you God Almighty,
and before you brothers
that I have sinned much
of thought, word, deed and omission.
I am to blame, I am to blame,
I have the blame.
So I pray to Santa María always Virgin,
to the angels, to the saints
and to you, brothers,
to intercede for me before God, Our Lord.
Amen».

- Anonymous collective work -

«...how about setting fire to all the theatres in the city, crowded with
know-it-alls and cocksuckers,
how about setting fire to all the book shops that sell fresh shit for great
depressing readers,
how about setting fire to all the art galleries full of someones who produce works of art like
artists and not like men.
If we set fire to all that rubbish we will cause a huge sunrise. Sometimes, when you see the
brightness of the fire you think it is dawn, it happened to me once,
I thought it was sunrise but it was the fire.
I want to set the world on fire with a splinter».

- Angélica Liddell -

A STAGE IS A BED, a grave, a scaffold, a flying carpet, a bullring, a roulette (Russian), a
gutter, a cradle, a shrine, an abattoir, a subterfuge.

Technically I am a sick person. They call it exhibitionism. I'd rather not name what happens to me right before going on stage. It's a mixture of randiness, ferocity, bad blood and the most profound need to say what I've got to say, to do my job. What happens while I'm out there faced to the audience can surely be named: pornoterrorism. But that's just a name, a word that barely touches the reality of what I do, the closest just one word can get to what happens on stage.

I stepped on a stage for the first time in 1999. One year before, my friend Jorge Banet joined my class half way into the course. He had been stabbed at the high school he was attending until then for being queer. He was running a performing group together with Pablo Raijenstein. They were called «Criaturas nocturnas» (Nocturnal Creatures) and the characters were Sister Sodomy (Jorge), a cruel and poofy nun, a cross between Divine and Sor Citröen, and Bitch Head (Pablo) a teenage version of Hellraiser's Pinhead. He lurked like Jason and sported the psychopathic hatred of Leatherface with plenty of wounds and scars all over his body and holding a drill he used for his star number; to drill his arm through among jets of blood. When Jorge decided to take another path, Pablo tempted me with the idea of becoming his partner and, of course, I accepted. It was a perfect chance for my exhibitionism, the moment I had been yearning for a long time.

Below is how Pablo explains it:

«I began doing magic tricks at friends' parties and bars in the neighbourhood when I was very young, taking theatre courses and reading fanzines and magazines on cinema, absorbing gore and underground films. Soon I began to mix my magic tricks with gore make up effects and at fifteen I made my mind up to express it in minor performances that I carried out with some friends and where I pretended to chop heads off with showers of blood together with card tricks and small devices. In one of those theatre courses I met Jorge and I invited him to join my "gore magic number".

I chose him because Jorge was an extremely effeminate boy and willing to do anything that helped him to dream of leaving the neighbourhood where he lived and the high school he studied at and where he was abused because he was a fairy.

I immediately got to like his sense of humour and his teenage anger. He, like me, was seventeen. Back then I was a punk and was accumulating a lot of anger and hate for my academic and family failures. My friends loved my performances where gore and a more theatrical pose began to oust the more conventional magic tricks. I've got to admit that back then I was quite an aggressive person and a year after the beginning of my performances together with Jorge, he said he could not bear it anymore. I met Diana through him. When Diana joined, Daniel Blázquez, one of my best mates, was already in

the “group”. He shared my interest in counterculture and he was in charge of the music, the loops and the porn and horror clips samplers of our performances, as well as the design of the flyers, posters and leaflets.

My concept of a “group” was always more similar to rock bands than to theatre groups as far as rehearsals, search for venues and philosophical and festive reasons were concerned, although it was theatre, cabaret, at times happening, at times performance.

Back then I was going mental for the 70’s flicks by John Waters and when I finished reading his book *Crackpot*, I decided to give the name “Shock Value” to the group formerly known as “Nigth Races” and after “Night Creatures”. Finally, it would be called “Sex Shock Value”. We took all the titles of our modest “plays” from fanzines, books and songs and later we modified them slightly.

Well, many things happened then; we got along well with the crowd from the magazine *Belio* and with Antonio Graell, who immediately saw our potential in SM and fetishism magazines. Some journalist or other managed to get our telephone and called us for “impact” programs, those that show a row of executions, car accidents, fakirs and birds with enormous melons. Once we had a call from Miami for a talk show together with Spanish speaking little monsters, monsters as in the most Tod Browning’s sense of the word *Freak*. They paid the whole trip. I was twenty one and it was a great experience for me. We just played the tourist in some main street and in a gay club or other, where your identification was not asked for, but we mainly drank a lot in parks. We never managed to see the programme. Time after, someone sent a recorded VCR of one of our performances on TV that had been broadcasted again. He found it by chance, we still had the pull.

We performed every three months at a very trashy club for teenagers called *Domination Club* and also at *Strong*, a place that opened from eight p.m. to one a.m. and the rest of the hours turned into a huge gay dark room.

The image I remember most from that time was one with Diana naked and tied up to a railing, spitting blood while I clamped some car jumper cables onto her cunt lips. I also remember chopping up a corpse made up with pig offals and pull off enormous ulcers (fake) from my body and then fry them on a camping butane gas cylinder and offer them to the audience. Incidentally, the audience was a motley crew of punk, gothic and skinhead boys and girls all gathered together. The term “pornoterrorism” was the fruit of a brainstorming that we three did. We loved its sound».

We were performing together for three years. The influence of Waters was clearly evident in what we did due to the bizarre situations and to the decrepit and shitty aesthetics. We were going radical in all senses as well. The show was not as “cabaretish” as

when Jorge was in. We were stage beasts, I know it now, we were animals in mental and physical heat giving vent to our worst perversions. We had to include the adjective *gore* in our performances, as we used to scatter lots of kilos of offal, entrails, blood and all sort of filth over the audience.

Honestly, they were perfect performances at the time, brutally transgressive. We pretended fornications, babies deliveries, we bashed ourselves up (I remember one in which we destroyed some keyboards against the floor and our bodies), we stripped off, tied up each other. We played a lot with BDSM, we kidnapped people from the audience... and still, we had time to deliver the message. Real conclusions could be reached in what we did and each one of the actions had its meaning (at least for us), a clear example of it was the titles we chose for the plays: *Leticia Sabater Must Die*, *The Rotting of Prohibited Desires*, *The Ecstasy of Saint Therese*, etc. The terrifying body was one of the show's main tools. Pablo was an excellent special effects make up artist, so when we came out on stage, or skin was covered in ulcers: At times we could not be recognized. Also, without so many effects, our bodies were still tools because we did not speak, everything was transmitted through it.

And it also was fucking sexy. I think that was a great performing achievement; to keep the sex-appeal in spite of all the monstrosities we took to the stage with us.

Many times people didn't have a clue about our genre, Bitch Head and Coprolalia (my war name) didn't have a genre or had too many.

For three years I dragged my bottom together with Pablo around various dumps, some of them really cheesy (as that disco packed with a loutish crowd in Linares, Jaén)), others with a name (*Strong*, *Sirocco*, *Al'laboratorio*) and we even reached TV. In Spain we were in one of my favourite programs; Impacto TV and also in *El Show de Laura* in Galavisión, which would leave a mark on me for ever.

With Shock Value I discovered that the stage was a great spot to channel my rage and that performance was creative path that perfectly adjusted to my wishes, thanks to the wide range of the genre, for its freedom because I've never been an actress.

It was wonderful, a perfect way of learning the rope for what I am nowadays, a pornoterrorist, a rogue. In fact, the pornoterrorism concept (although not as now I conceive it) came out in one of our shows; The Last, as it was called and which we staged hardly a few weeks after 11-S.

For a few years, the pornoterrorist seed remained dormant. I'd just arrived in Barna a new city for me and as I didn't know where to begin, sloth was stronger and I left it aside. But after some time I began to feel terribly nostalgic for the stage and started to enquire. In the beginning I found places where I could read poetry and a couple of places in which, in

addition to poetry, I could also strip (for me, not being naked on stage is like having a shower with my clothes on). What happened afterwards was that I felt alone, as I was used to perform with Pablo and I needed someone else on stage so I could feel comfortable. That's how I met Elena/Urko Pérez: asking my few friends there if they knew anyone who was into performances. To find first Elena and then all the rest of the bitches in Barcelona was the best and almost the only gift this shit of a city had for me.

We staged a performance together and since then my poetry readings, which had been solo readings for a long time, were no more just that. They were lesbian porno-poetry readings, or anti-striptease readings or porno-poetic performances.

However, my most serious and intense performing activity had its origin in a tragedy that has marked my life and those around me, concretely that of my friend and sister Patricia Heras.

On February 4th 2006, as she was cycling back home at small hours, after having spent the night dancing at a party, Patricia and our friend Alfredo had an accident. An ambulance took them to hospital with minor injuries and there, while they were being cured, they were arrested and handcuffed accused of homicide. That same night and illegal party had been thrown at the squatter in Sant Pere Més Baix street. There was always a party in this building, an old theatre with several floors and different types of music on each one of them and always packed with stoned people. It was the perfect business, as it obviously didn't have opening or closing hours. It closed when there was hardly anyone inside. The neighbours couldn't understand why it was still open after all the complaint reports for noise it had accumulated. I do understand why and explain it to whoever wants to know it: now and again, a gentleman went round the bars in the premises to pick up the dough and keep it in a safe. I bet whatever that a good portion of that cash went straight to the hands of the city council, as simple as that.

On February 4th, the building had already been sealed off by the police for a few days but that didn't matter, the party went on inside house. A police patrol arrived answering the calls of the insomniac neighbours; they were wearing their usual uniforms, but without helmets or anything to protect them. Big mistake from their senior officer because when they arrived at the door of the building, a rain of objects from the windows began to fall down, among them a flower pot that hit the head of one of the officers fracturing his skull, which has left him in a vegetal state forever. As there were around three thousand people inside the premises (and the door was locked) to find out who had dropped the flower pot was impossible, so they grabbed seven poor devils who happened to pass by just to have someone to knock. When they were taken to the Hospital del Mar to be cured of the

bashing they had got from the police, they bumped into Patricia, who that particular day was adorable with her new hairdo à la Cindy Lauper (I had done her hair that very afternoon). The fuzz didn't care that she had been the whole night over five kilometres away from the scene: to their uncivilized blockheads her aesthetics immediately and clearly pointed her out as an "anti-system" and she was arrested on the spot together with Alfredo (whose look that day was more of a 50's film star than an "anti-system"). They were locked up for three days with no news from them, getting beatings, insults and other harassments, as the rest of the arrested people.

When they were finally released (charged with injuries and attacking the authority) and we got to know the magnitude of the case, we had to react collectively. Alfredo and Patricia, as proper unstable workers, obviously didn't have the money the lawyers asked for their defence and we began to join our forces to get some dough from wherever: parties, a cinema festival, raffles, auctions... Everything was possible to try and save them from the catastrophe that could have happened to any of us and actually to any other person who didn't fit with the Barcelona look they are trying to sell to the best bidder.

Rodrigo Lanza Huidobro, Juan Pinto and Álex Cisternas were the only South American Spics among the arrested lot. In spite of having all their documents in order, Rodrigo European nationality and therefore be European citizens, they spent two years in jail awaiting their trial, as the prosecutor and the examining magistrate hid their xenophobia arguing that there was the risk of them fleeing to their respective countries (Chile and Argentina).

Rodrigo had the worst lot as he was framed with the most serious charge, that of attempted homicide (Rodrigo's sentence ended for good in December, 2012).

Barcelona's Mayor, Joan Clos, went on the air in the morning of February, 4th explaining that a flower pot had fallen from a window causing serious injuries to the policeman who went into a coma. Naturally, only a senior officer in the police force could have informed him of the facts. But regardless, they manipulated all and changed the first version to another that best fitted their purposes. They said that Rodrigo had thrown a stone at the officer from the street and that was the reason for his injuries.

The stone was never found, or the flower pot for that matter, because the Council saw that a few hours after the deed a cleaning team arrived and left it spotless. The evidences supplied by all the people charged were no good either, as the examining magistrate, Carmen García Martínez, ordered them not to be included in the trial. Nor the witnesses or the forensic examiners saying that the injuries of the officer could not have been caused by a stone thrown in the street or even the fact that no one had a criminal

record and (of course) that they claimed to be innocent.

The testimony of the Mayor was not admitted because he had not been a direct witness. The guilty sentence had been signed long before the trial began. Barcelona Council could not allow for such discredit, they were shit scared that its irregularities were exposed and that the public knew that they were the only ones to blame for the officer being in a coma, as well as their fucking gross negligence. In July, 2009 we appealed to the High Court and they upheld the verdict and increased the sentence (yes, go and complain) to three years in prison for Patricia and three and a half years for Alfredo. Patricia spent two months in the Wad Ras prison in Barcelona and the same amount in a third degree regime, kidnapped by the bleeding state. In April she decided to take her own life when she was enjoying a short leave. Currently we are awaiting the answer from the *Tribunal Constitucional*.

As the others, I didn't have any money when this happened, but I had my art, my body and my energy, and that's what I decided to put up. I performed in most of the dos that were organised to gather funds and also organised a few. There was one almost every month for three years. Generally they were organised at self-managed squatters, so the technical means were quite poor. I never cared for the perfection of my performances, but just that they could be carried out with just a few things and that their message and contents didn't need too many frills so they could be done anywhere.

The first pornoterrorist performance happened this way at *La Escocesa*, on February 4th, 2007. More than thirty other performances followed that one on behalf of the 4-F case. (and more to follow) as well as on other cases, like the support for those arrested in Queeruption 8 Karcelona, for ruling out transexuality as a pathology or for the people at Desig. I've always said it, if there s something I can do to help those to whom our non existent justice and this government of wankers has fucked up more than me, I'll be there ready for whatever.

From then on my poems and stage actions became more radical. To live in a city where things as terrible as that can happen with an absolute normality makes one (on top of going paranoic) be constantly devising small revenges, thinking on how to change the situation, not giving a shit about anything, filling up with a rage very difficult to placate without spilling blood. My poetry had never ceased being pornographic and I included this element of rage in it mixing up my multiple perversions which resulted in a kind of hybrid that I finally named pornoterrorist poetry. It's a rough poetry without artifices whose words say exactly what I mean. A cryptic, overloaded or complex poetry didn't serve my purposes. I don't even know if I'd wanted or should write it.

As I rightly said in a text I had to write to explain who I was for the Arteleku debates *Feminismo Porno Punk* «I was a peaceful and quiet woman, I only wrote abstractions that had nothing or little to do with the world. As with any other terrorist, it's the system that has turned me into a monster». I want everybody to understand what I write, also at a practical level, I want my message to be understood by the most number of people. My public doesn't need to have read a lot or understand poetry, the message is as clear as water.

The image was also very important from the beginning. At the time I collected some mainstream bizarre porn photos and mingled them with other photos and projected them during the performance. After, I went onto videos and, of course, projected porn, but another kind of pornography, the one that can be seen everyday in the news and is part of our lives in such a terrifying and regular way.

We live in a technological world where image is fundamental and I've always wanted to use such a powerful tool. The enemy uses it for brainwashing us, to make us buy things we don't need, to enhance the ideal of beauty they are interested in, to fake truth, to turn us insensitive before the atrocities they perform in their wars and "conquests". I use it to produce interferences, to arouse, to open eyes and bungholes, to mistreat sleeping consciences, to provoke reactions and, mainly, to make massacred sensitivities come to life again.

The morbidity caused by what one wants to watch, but it's morally illicit to watch it, is equally present in porn and media pornography. Based on a well developed strategy, everyday we see images with high contents of bestiality on the telly; dismembered children lying on any street in Baghdad, people crying and suffering, people killing each other, smashed cars on the road, "natural" disasters... and the fact that TV news programs are presented at dinner time is not by chance at all, it's part of the strategy. The brain and the stomach are the two organs that use most energy, when one is working, the performance of the other is poorer.

Thus, when we are eating or digesting, our brain is in a way more vulnerable than in other moments, it's open, receptive, unprotected. That's the right moment to drop in it images that won't be processed in a conscious way.

This gives us a false feeling that we can see anything without batting an eyelid, that we are prepared to see (and know), whatever as well as what's to come. But this feeling doesn't adjust to our reality. It's a strategy to make us insensitive so we don't react, so we don't give a shit about what happens in the world deep down and for us not to be prepared for our future lives, which won't be much better than what we watch on the telly.

I bring out these images (and others they dare not show on the telly, but would be glad to) from their usual habitat and set them in a context in which there may be aroused people with an open mind. I take them out of context to give them back their organic value, their fierceness and brutality. That part of the meaning that had been taken away from it in order to stupefy us.

I always felt as if the morbid feeling of watching images of people fucking and dismembered other people were the same thing; that feeling of *I want to, but...*, the emotional restrictions we impose on ourselves. That's because we are used to be protected from anything, although nobody protects us from them.

In the same manner as when too much pornography is watched and finally you have to give it a rest because it doesn't make you randy anymore, when you see so much shit on the telly, you end up by not feeling anything for what is happening before your eyes, even when they are absolute atrocities. As Virginie Despentes says in *Teoría King Kong* (King Kong Theory): «Porn can also upset us because it reveals that we cannot be aroused although we want to think we are insatiable randy devils».

The difference between sex porn and media pornography is that one can take a rest from the former, you can take your time to find new more arousing films, stop watching it for sometime and clean your mind to make it receptive again. Television and media in general don't give us a truce, the bombing is constant and, besides, a progressive sensationalization of contents has happened and currently the most popular news programs and newspapers are those that deal in news with less qualms.

In the performances I project shocking images, but I never remain indifferent to any of them because I see them in moments when I feel open and receptive. If the world wounds and we are fucked up, I let myself be wounded because I don't want to give up the pain of the world, the pain to be alive, because I've tried to keep untouched my sense of empathy, another of the things they want to take away from us displaying before our eyes human misery in such a circus-like way. They want to prevent us to feel identified with what's happening, with the massacres, with famines, with poverty, with wars. They want us to believe "a single history", as Chimamanda Adichie says in her wonderful paper *The danger of the single story*, a history in which us, the "civilized" Europeans and westerners, will never be able to live situations or have feelings that do not belong to our environment. I can see one thousand and one times the video in which the nazis cut the throat of the Russian soldier and never stop feeling pity for him and hate for them. Yet, it's a video I project very often and it generates an almost general rejection. Why does it hurt to see it? Why does it disturb? Why do people want to have fun when they attend a performance? To

escape reality? Not to think? Well, I'm awfully sorry, but in my performances I'm not the only one being tortured and if what one seeks is divertimento, better go and watch a musical, some puppet show or a peep-show. I like to connect to people through the pain of others, through evil, through crap.

Many people say that my performances would be better without these disgusting videos (the same ones they watch while having their meals without batting an eyelid) and I always wonder: better, who for?, for those who believe that one doesn't need to see things to know they exist?

I always say it's not enough with knowing that they exist. When we don't like something we have to feel it, let us ache, cry if necessary. How can we dare give our opinion of the world when we judge it without a pinch of pain, from the comfortable position of someone who is incapable of feeling any empathy at all?

And, as not all is suffering in this life, I also project images that make me randy: anal fisting (Mmm...Dark Alley's *lederones!*), bondage and electrical torture (Wired Pussy, Madison Young, Princess Dona), dildos, great fucks, cums and Belladonna. Belladonna is the ultimate queen. In 2009 I was interviewed for the magazine Bostezo. A very interesting interview in which they posed a mean question: «How come a queer pornoterrorist like you feels devotion for Belladonna as millions of hetero wankers do?». Below is what I answered:

«In a certain measure, Belladonna did as Annie Sprinkle: she was inside as an actress, saw what was there, came out to ponder and explore her fantasies and went in again to show that what there is inside can be a thousand times more intense. Belladonna is a pioneer. And like Annie Sprinkle, she was determined to set up her own pornographic production based on her desire and imagination, which is no doubt richer (and more enriching) than the ones her directors had when she was just an actress. Best thing about her, as opposed to Annie Sprinkle (who came out from mainstream), is that she has managed to be on the porn scene inside that mainstream. This is what makes her so attractive to me. It's a fucking virus inside the system. We, here, inside our post-pornographic little bubble, haven't got the power to modify what's happening in the "enemy lines", but she has managed to stay in her place and subtly and skilfully keep introducing authentic post-pornographic stuff, post-porn elements that if had come from other hands people would simply come out badly (not come off nicely). Fisting, feeting, brutal BDSM, squirting, anal penetrations to bio-men, great real lesbian screws (at last) not devised by the fantasy of a machoman, de-genitalization, women empowered with huge dildos... For fuck's sake, Belladonna is like a messiah, she's finding the path to what's to come and she does it from

the matrix, not from the margins as we do. Nothing is more satisfying for me than thinking of the millions of heteros wanking to the image of a woman fucking a FWD black man in the arse or is fucked with a chinese raddish and squirts like the Fontana di Trevi».

I've got the feeling that people become more receptive when they are randy. Although I am aware that the kind of things that I get aroused with may be offensive or make the audience feel bullied, in general the response I get is the one I expect. Not bad to see now and again things we didn't imagine that could arouse us or could exist and to show in my performances non-normative pornographic videos is part of that debt I'll always have pending with sex.

Besides, with this video thing, since I found out that if what I say in the poem has a direct relation with the images on screen, the rest flows much more smoothly. Before, it all was very chaotic and people would get distracted. Too much information, perhaps. As I have no idea of mixing videos, it's now essential for me to be able to count on the participation of people who know how to do it.

The experience with Video Arms Idea was unforgettable. Since the very beginning I thought that if anyone was taking part in any way in the performance, they couldn't be behind the screen of a computer all the time supplying things only through a wire, so I proposed to promote their role of VJ's and come on stage. The result was a really awesome performance staged at Emmetrop, Bourges (France), when the translation to French of Beatriz Preciado's *Testo Yonki* was presented.

We did another one at the Teatro Pradillo in Madrid. VJ's like Macarena Moreno (VJ Mac), VJ Saxwakui, VJ TrashMixer o VJ Pecado Pixelado have also been part of other performances.

It's a fact that I can't do without audiovisuals, it would mean a step backwards.

The live sex element is also an essential component of any pornoterrorist performance. I'm not fooling anyone, I like to cum on the stage. It's the dream of all exhibitionists: to have an audience clapping hands while fucking and reaching an orgasm. And my orgasms aren't discreet at all, I tell you. There's their stage gift, they're spectacular. Besides, the best thing about the live sex I offer on stage is that it's not just an exhibitionist impulse for self pleasure, as these acts go well beyond the act in itself. There's an intention from me to visualize certain relatively marginal practices which I consider must come outdoors because, in a way, they are subversive. Female ejaculation, fisting and SM. So, the audience watch penetrations, cums, whiplashes one after the other and at times, members of the public take part in the actions, because I've never wanted the stage to be a border,

but a bridge.

My ultimate and only limit: my mum and dad in the audience. It was a hardly meditated but conscious limit, and least of all, an overcome limit. I never invited them to one of the performances I did with Pablo, I felt embarrassed (or something similar to embarrassment) that my parents saw me stripped on stage throwing pig guts over people, blood all over, pawing my friend as dirty as I. In a way, I convinced myself that they wouldn't like that. My mother had seen me reading poetry several times in Barcelona and Madrid, but that had nothing to do with the pornoterrorist performances, it was just me reading poetry, the words were as brutal as ever, but I was dressed, no one was fucking me on stage, I didn't even pull one of my tits out.

I remember perfectly the moment when Majo from PostOp stuck his fist into my cunt; I squirted a waterfall and heard the voice of my father shouting from the back: «you're the dog's bollocks, daughter». At that moment, my mother was only worried about the healthiness of fisting, in case that could cause some irreversible body injuries and we would end up in hospital. She was glad with the poems, the staging, the development of the show... but the fisting thing, dangerous. Probably my mum wasn't wrong.

And after all these years I've reached the conclusion that I can do anything as far as performances are concerned, I've got no limits, except that of being unfaithful to my own desires. I'd never do that on stage or off stage.

PORNOTERRORIST ACTION HANDBOOK

«Human beings must have
action; and they will make it if
they cannot find it»
- Albert Einstein -

«Thought and theory must
precede all action; yet action is
nobler in itself than either

thought or theory»

- Virginia Woolf -

ANYBODY WHO IS WILLING ENOUGH can be a pornoterrorist. Actually, it's nothing special, it's not a gift, as pornoterrorism can also be projected onto simple everyday things. I'm not saying this to strip it of the merit it deserves, the fact that anybody can do it doesn't mean that no effort has to be put into it and it demands hard work. Simply, one needn't be excessively perverse or have special inclinations for exhibitionism, transgression, sex or to have a fighting spirit. Moreover, I would say with no fear of being wrong that it can be developed and learnt, as any other kind of thought, strategy or even language. There's only one essential thing: non-conformism. Even rage is not indispensable; a pornoterrorist act may be loaded with humour and be lots of fun. So if you have ever felt that the world around you is fucking rubbish, but you don't know how to channel that horrible feeling, go out and say it in the street, don't stay there keeping it in your head, avoid ulcers and heartburns and move your complains outdoors. If, to be more specific, what bugs you has to do with moral, social and legal impositions that the state, the church and, in general, people apply on your body and your sexuality then, from the countless interventions in public spaces that can be done, pornoterrorist actions are the ones that suit your purposes best.

The easiest and first thing to do is to find out which way the law and the moral repress our sexuality in the place where you live and attack from that front. This is always a very nutritious field because we live in places where, regarding sex, almost everything is a sin, a crime or something rejected by the majority. There are laws so absurd on this matter that you'd laugh yourselves to death, although it's also very sad to see to which point our bodies and our cunts, cocks and anuses belong to them.

I didn't do my first pornoterrorist urban intervention in Spain, but in Athens. In Greece there's a specific law with norms about woman's breasts. My friend Kiki Grevia was the one who told me all about it. One of the things I found more serious was the fact that a woman couldn't take her t-shirt or bikini off even on the Beach. I saw it as a clear offense to the well being of people. The day after our conversation, as I was walking along the street, I saw a show worthy of a gay musical: a scaffold full of big strong bare-chested men who seemed to be more interested in the skirts passing by below than to the restoration job on the façade.

The law we had talked about the previous night immediately came to my mind and I

imagined what would happen if, instead of male bricklayers, they were female bricklayers all showing their tits, with their overalls folded down to their hips, thick working gloves, moving the rollers up and down and shouting dirty remarks to people. This fantasy, besides making me terribly randy, suggested the wish to stage some kind of intervention to protest about the unfair law that made my fantasy something technically and legally impossible to carry out. The really annoying thing was not that they could display their tits (they do have them right there, small and discreet) but that we couldn't do it in Athens, paradoxically the cradle of democracy, ultimately responsible that we have to walk around wearing clothes as an imposition and not a utilitarian matter. Are a few tits really that dangerous? It seems so. They are hand grenades, powerful weapons that can make any structure fall. The law said that any woman showing her breasts could be immediately arrested and penalised.

We decided to cut some stencils with two images: a male bricklayer with a bare chest and a female bricklayer in the same condition. «Eleftherwste ta byziá» («free your tits») could be read below their bodies. We filled up the street Hipokratous with this amusing image and apparently, people didn't like it much, as two or three days after it wasn't there anymore (and it wasn't because the walls of the street were exactly spotless, the rest of the graffiti were left, they were selectively erased). We also had the great idea of running in the streets showing our tits, but we gave the idea up because I was flying back the following day and we learnt that one can sleep inside for at least three days for that offense. That's the first thing I'll do when I get a chance to go back to Greece.

On the contrary, legislation in Barcelona is a bit more discreet and they give an image of non discrimination, which practically is useless; they call it «assault against the community and the respect for others», although in the *Ordenanza del Civismo de Barcelona* (Civic Ordinance) no mention is made that says that one cannot walk around stripped or showing tits. People are used to see men showing their tits, but we cannot do it because we disturb public order. How nice! I didn't know that something as silly as these two bumps had the magic power to disturb the order. That really turns me on even more. As an example of the situation in the shop-city, in the registered mark-city, the judge Emili Soler (Court nº 27) has recently sentenced a man to pay an eighty euros fine for walking around naked arguing that it was a menace against health, aesthetics, and the right “not to see” of decent citizens.

Right not to see? Fuck me! To blind someone is a crime you bloody bastards! And what happens with the right “to see”? So, although there are no specific laws that ban people in the nude, there exist moral ones and as the judges of this city (of all cities, it seems) are above and are all mainly people of strong moral principles, they don't stick to

what the law says and they are much more faithful to their opinions. They twist other laws around (the law on communal respect for others could very well be a multipurpose one) to condemn what they consider antisocial.

This law is so stupid that it has shrank our rights to a little more than those of a dog. If someone is going to be reincarnated in Barcelona, better become a dog or a rat. This way he or she will be able to walk around in the nude, piss and shit wherever there's the need and shout as loud as wished.

The issue of going around without shirt or bikini has gone well beyond the moral ground to enter into the laws, to the give sentences passed by the ruling judiciary sanctimoniousness a bit of coherence.

Mr. Jordi Clos, the president of the hotels professional association of hotels (i.e. unscrupulous leeches), claimed that not wearing a shirt in the street was not quite European (textual quote) «the image of people in swimming gear –if they are not wearing a shirt- does not contribute to reinforce the image that Barcelona has established as a hallmark». Fortunately, when he came upon this brilliant idea, his personal Cain was already out of office and they sent him on his bike. Still, he tried it again until he finally got it, because nobody else but him wants to turn this city into a luxury “mark”, into a theme park for respectable people (the price for a room in one of his hotels is between 130 and 500 euros per night) or in a high standing shop.

Getting back to the “right not to see” nonsense, I'd like to know what the people in charge think about the right not to be seen (surveilled) considering are cameras all over the city. There's a very good and simple pornoterrorist action regarding cameras. First, spot where they are installed (not difficult, as they are everywhere, parks, metro, streets...) and taking advantage of the coverage and technology shoot a porn film live in front of them. Important to hide the faces. Wigs, lots of make up or simply masks can be used. Then, all one has to do is fuck and that's it. So the person on the other side of the wire won't have to change screen when the supervisor comes from behind: all of them will be showing pornography. This action implies a risk as, for some time now, fucking in the street has been punished with a 500 euros fine. But unless the urge prevents you from organizing it properly, it would be perfect if other people in the action were in charge of watching the approach of “law officers”. Watch also passersby, they could get aroused and participate (very unlikely) or be outraged and become violent.

Another great pornoterrorist action in the public space is group masturbation. The idea came long ago, when I was in Arizona. The main idea was to move an intimate and private moment out into the open. For several reasons.

The most important one is to make visible masturbation as something natural which we all do. We all also shit and piss and we don't go out into the street to protest in order to make it visible, but the main difference is that there are millions of taboos on masturbation that don't exist on our other physiological needs. More specifically when it's female masturbation, as more than a usual practice is regarded like a ghost that slides past the rooms of little girls. I believe it's highly important to try and include it in the same place as male masturbation or others similarly visible. Female wanking is not approved as opposed to male wanking for a series of behaviours socially accepted as normal and part of the learning process of the body itself.

It's well known that young boys get together to wank since they're very small, be it with a porn magazine, the indiscreet neighbour's window or the telly. It's not by chance that the first homosexual practice in the life of a man is mutual masturbation. The cinema and literature show it, it's deep rooted in the collective imagination. It looks like women or girls never wank. And probably many won't (a direct consequence of the lack of references), but the great majority will, although nobody seems to want to know.

Also because I consider that one of the fundamental rights of each person is the discovery of her or his sexuality in a progressive way and not when finally reaching marriage or a person with whom to interact sexually is met. One of the worst evils on mankind the Church has provoked has been to penalise masturbation and classify it as an impure act. Sex is a basic human necessity, so its absence may provoke serious disorders. Ever since its beginnings, the Church put its efforts on turning people into sexual anorexics and that's a crime, I have no doubt. Telling a young kid that if he touches there he'll go to hell or scaring a little girl with the terrible consequences of losing her purity are criminal acts and, as no law seems to be doing anything to prevent that from happening, I think it's a totally licit option to take our wanks out into the street.

After a few failed attempts, I finally managed to do it in the agora of the *Universidad Politécnica de Valencia*, during the conference *Interferencias Viscerales* (Visceral Interferences) organised by Video Arms Idea. Together with distinguished bitches such as Itziar Ziga, Majo Pulido, Francesco Macarone aka WarBear and Elena/Urko. Also, Mar Cejas, Macarena Moreno and Julia Martínez behind the camera and wanking off. With the help of Maro Díaz as commentator and a reduced group of public that shyly got closer and a larger group watching us from the windows of the library while filming us with their mobiles and cheering. As expected, almost from the beginning, the security people were also there. They didn't know where to look or what to do. Poor guys, they couldn't do much, we had to go ahead of the conference organisation. A few weeks after, a video

someone had uploaded had already had 10,000 visits (it reached 34,000) and lots of comments of all kinds flooded my web.

These comments and the fruitful reaction that the video produced, led me to think that what we had done wasn't just necessary, but urgent, that it had bugged someone big time and it had caused blisters. I realised that Spanish loutishness was far more serious than I thought, of how ignorant people are even though they possess university degrees and the anger that it produced in those thick people that some crusties (they couldn't see behind our mohicans, poor devils) invaded their public space to jack off in it. And among shouts of «Viva Franco» and «We are going to send you to España 2000», we were ugly monstrosities, beings nobody would touch, despicable and sickening someones. The level of sexual education among the “commentators” was so pitiful some of them said that we were so ugly that it was hardly surprising we had to wank, as if masturbation was a practice that could replace a screw. The Word “respect” was in the air as if it had just been invented and was abominably in contradiction with a couple of death threats I got in my personal mail... and there was plenty of that “right not to see” and to protect the poor children. Personally, I hadn't felt so satisfied with an action for a long time and I decided to bring it out into the streets (Plaza de la Paja is the perfect place in Madrid) and to repeat it many more times in my life. They deserve it.

There was a slightly smarter commentator (well, at least he could use accents) who compared our action to taxidermy. He said there were things that can't be done in public and asked if I didn't think that if a taxidermist took the guts out of animals in the middle of the street while innocent six year old children looked on it would be deeply disgusting. I immediately thought: what about bullfighting?

The best thing about doing it at universities is that that way you make sure there won't be any “minors” there and the reassurance that the police can't go in unless there's a direct order from the rectorate or the dean, which is quite improbable, as the action is too short for them to have time to make calls or do anything.

But, no doubt, one of the “star” actions is the porno-storming of religious or government buildings. I'll explain. The Vídeo Arms, my friend Montse and myself were going to make a trip to Italy. We wanted to stage an action in Rome and Chiara Schiavon was enlightened from heaven (or from hell) and came upon a wonderful idea: to hide tape recorders with moans and other sexual noises inside Saint Peter's Basilica in the Vatican. We thought it was an action worthy of the guerrilla from the very first moment, a direct blow on the head of the enemy, the perfect hit. So we put a lot of thought on how to carry it out without too many risks and laid out a very simple plan.

We recorded ourselves having a screw, moans and slaps on tape recorders (low cost, about ten euros second hand). We left about five minutes of silence at the beginning of the tape. That was important so the recording wouldn't start in the hands just when playing it, to be on the safe side and give us time to run away. Chiara placed it on the shrine of la Madonna of the Perpetual help and I on the grave of Pius XII. The rest of the girls stayed to shoot the scene. What happened was that the shrine began moaning just like that. When people began gathering around it (perhaps they thought they were going to witness a miracle) a gentleman dressed in black (could have been any catholic, as they are all faith policemen) who seemed to be working found the recorder, stopped it and took it away. With the nerves on edge, the one on Pious XII didn't go on, but we could retrieve it and the following week we placed it at the headquarters of Mondadori (a publishing company owned by Berlusconi) in Venice hidden among the tourist guides. This was the first porno-acoustic attack we did, but the principle can be developed further, it can be done anywhere. You don't have to go to the Vatican, the bastards are everywhere. I've got to admit, though, that it was a real honour to do it there. Screams of pleasure came out from the lair of the fathers of sexual repression and for me they had a very clear symbolism: all the screams that never existed because of them, all those damned souls talking from the hell they had been sent to and where they spend time fucking, having boisterous orgasms, enjoying the sex denied to them as the punishment for not accepting the church rules. The sliced throats, burnt and tortured bodies as in a soul parade setting their obscene revenge free. A real boost, honestly.

Not much is needed to carry out this action and after the first experience I've been thinking about how to improve it. It's important to study the spot properly and, if possible, to put the recorder in a place where it's not easy to pull it out so it can go on a good while. For example, in churches, the shrines of some virgins or saints are behind bars. To put it inside there gives a good margin of time as, since they go and fetch the key, open the gate and find it, a complete screw may be heard. All one has to do is press play and throw it in. Next thing is to flee, but the action should be checked, so if an "innocent" onlooker can film the action, so much the better.

That's the idea, and I'd love it to be expanded. There's an awful lot of people who have had their sexual lives (among other things) ruined by the Church. I hope someone dares.

Apart from that, having a clear idea of what pornoterrorism is and its aim, this type of actions can be devised by anyone. It wouldn't be a bad idea to learn a bit about legislation to be able to face the possible consequences of our actions. This said, I must add

some warnings based on my own experience and that may be useful to those who want to go into the pornoterrorist fight, as some problems may come from it.

The most important is not to be able to cope with the precariousness inherent to pornoterrorism. Above all, you should know that what you do or what you are going to do will never bring the bacon home. At the most, it can be used to pay for your habits and for a small circle of people to know you, admire you, hate you, want to fuck you or kill you. They'll tell you that what you do is mighty important or a load of fucking shit. If you're looking for fame and money, better not show your twat whenever you can or walk around with a balaclava on claiming to be an artist. Won't work.

You'll get no grants or aids. No government or Corporation no matter how liberal, will fund the organisation for, let's say, a public group masturbation, a female ejaculation workshop or one on vaginal fisting (regardless how poetic or artistic it may be) in which live sex can be seen, although it's more interesting and necessary than to subsidise a petanque tournament or a research on the effects of climate change on the reproduction of flying squirrels.

Your political and artistic activities will be limited in regards to venues, because there can't be minors, "disabled" or unprevented people in them. They'll try to censure you even in the most "alternative" spaces if there is any money at all from the state, sponsors, grants, etc. Nobody will risk his/her arse in order for you to show yours.

Nothing containing the words porn or terrorism will ever be a media, cultural or political product (at least within the "correct" politics and culture, i.e. those that can give plenty of cash and world fame).

Not long ago, an acquaintance whose work is to develop the "naughty" programming of a famous TV celeb show (I'm not mentioning it because I can't remember the name, honestly. Perhaps it was *¿Dónde estás corazón?* (Where are you, heart?) or *Salsa Rosa* (Pink Sauce), really, who cares? They're all the same) asked me to participate. It's one of those programs in which celebrities and pseudo-journalists rip each other apart on the first half and in the second (very late at night) a section is included in which, obviously, the main topic to be treated is sex. Why would anybody want to stay up to watch that crap until so late if it wasn't because seeing a good pair of tits and some arses is guaranteed? I see it as the perfect media dish: first a starter of satisfaction for the gossip morbidity that the stories of celebs inspire, possibly with emotional massacre included. Main dish is a different kind of morbidity, that of the prohibited, nasty and dirty. That way Jane goes to bed with an uncertain plenitude in her stomach and John in his crotch. To make it short, it's all about zombie-audiences. At times, Spanish boorishness seduces me.

The thing is that my acquaintance is in charge of programming the “adult” part of the program and he was preparing a special on sex addiction. His intention was to sit together different people acknowledged as sex maniacs and tell them to describe their various vicissitudes, to tell what their degenerate and perverse lives are like with a moderator or conductor so the thing wouldn’t get out of control and the audience could understand what was going on.

He thought about me as a guest (more than anything so I could get some dough in change of a bit of scandal) and I saw the perfect chance to turn the tables and smack this fucking society right on the mug live on public TV with millions of housewives and machomen, posh people, bigots, who knows if also priests and other beings that stay at home on Friday evening watching such stuff. A few days after his proposal, one of the editors of the program called me for a short interview which finally lasted about an hour.

I was an idiot, too honest, I “pondered” my answers too much, my language not tabloid enough (I should have rehearsed a bit before putting on a Belén Esteban sort of voice), and my tone too rebellious. When that editor (a woman with an intelligent and delicious voice) asked me if I had sought for psychiatric help to overcome my “addiction to sex”, I answered that I was the therapist in this case, because I consider myself a very healthy person mentally (as what is inside my head doesn’t make me suffer, just the opposite) and it’s the others who are sick, those who don’t live their sexualities in a full and enjoyable way, those who give in to almost protocolary moral or religious questions. Our chat ended there. She told me that the program would be on the air in a couple of weeks from then and that they would let me know beforehand to send me the tickets to Madrid. She was fascinated, I know. We had a very interesting conversation, but maybe that day I made her hate her job when she had to decide that someone like me shouldn’t go on live in a program of that format (or any other, really) no matter what, as that could put her bread and butter at a serious risk.

Obviously, it wasn’t the likes of me what she was looking for. They were trying to find victims or tormentors, someone who could be led meekly, a retarded person, a monstrosity, yes, but not intelligent. Nobody with just a pinch of conviction power, someone without the possibility of contending who could easily fit into the “mentally sick” or criminal niche and I guess that what she expected was for me to say: «yes, I’m a hysterical nymphomaniac, sick, retarded, I wank in public, I stick ants into my slit when they take me out to the park, I fuck anybody on my visor and you will be able to manipulate me as you please. You’ll also be able to make me feel guilty in front of an audience of millions who will rub their hands and drool when I start crying repenting all my sins. You

will even manage to make someone call to offer to pay my “treatment”.

I’m not that good at strategies, my plan went down the tubes and they didn’t call me again. I even think that I was included into a data base so no TV program would call me to participate ever.

I’m aware that if I always did this, I would permanently live precariously, which also has its bohemian charm, but it’s not so appealing as a means of living. Because scarcity, although there are cunts out there who say it’s fashionable, it’s a punishment. It’s the punishment given to us for not adjusting to the system; punishments for the dissidents, prizes for the sheep.

Pornoterrorist action and performance give my life a sense of meaning, they are a fine remedy to placate my murdering instincts and the best way I’ve found to say what I think. But as I’m fully aware that I can’t make a living out of it, I also work as a waitress (I’ve been a postwoman, telemarketer, leafleter, etc), I give workshops and try to sell my books.

One more piece of advice I can’t leave aside for anyone wanting to go into the pornoterrorism scene (and political performance in general) is to be careful with the fakes. They’re all over the place and may be camouflaged as anything. Some can be spotted miles away, others call themselves anarchists, social fighters, anti-system, activists... Beware of cool people, they’re the ones whose stabs on the back are deeper.

It’s not that I’ve lost all my faith in humans, but a few blows have taught me not to trust too much those who flatter you and also those who stick to you like leeches to suck whatever to be able to fill the holes of their creativity or emotional lack.

Sadly, the ideas on performance are not properly protected, perhaps due to the usual precariousness of the genre and its developers. In any case, you have to assume that your work may be used by any goat that sees you on a stage and naively believes that he/she could do the same thing in a place where nobody knows you to look like a great artist, state of the art, great!

I don’t believe in privatization of ideas or in their commercialization, I strongly believe that they must flow, mingle, be defiled, evolve. But this exercise must be done by people with a minimum of imagination or people lacking of it at all, but with certain ethics to name their influences. Otherwise, there is no development at all, it just mere quote without a reference, it’s basically plagiarism.

I also believe in the respect for those who developed and carried out good ideas. What kind of net would we be creating if instead of influencing each other and sharing we would call ours the ideas of others without even saying who they are? For me as an artist and performer, it’s beautiful to name my references and influences. I do it constantly,

through my stage expression and through my web.

I don't believe in copyright, but I do believe in free licenses and every pornoterrorist worthy of being one should always use them. I don't believe in copyleft either, I believe it's just a matter that can turn against you at any moment. Our work cannot be vulnerable to any idiot wanting to use it for his nonsense, get rich with it or claiming it without giving us our share in the merit. We've got to protect it from that.

So, beware those who stick to your arse with great devotion The devotion of some of these people may be real, but the great majority will want to "manage" you, pimp you or simply suck you blood.

And one more little thingy: a person having a cunt and who is (or claims to be) queer, anarchist, feminist, poli-sexual, slut or anti-system does not guarantee his/her honesty in any of the cases. The activist or pornoterrorist should always bear this piece of advice in mind.

This said, I hereby show my utopic wish that the world fills up with pornoterrorists. Forwards anti-establishment lot, sex disobedience guerrillas, pornoterrorism is ours.

The jurisprudence and the morality of the system is written (or tattooed) all over our skin and its successive layers and in order to erase it the ideal thing would be to begin by making society aware that it has no right mingling with it. Pornoterrorism can be a good way to do it, so I welcome those of you ready to take this path of action, my legs will always be open for you.

TERRIFYING SEXES: CHILDREN AND DISABLED⁴

«When I was a child I used to sit on the toilet backward
and wait for the burning sensation between my
legs to go away. I did not understand that if only my finger had found it's way
to my pussy the aching would have subsided. That all the twisting and
pulling and rubbing and scratching of my arms and my legs would not satisfy
my hunger. That the wetness in my underpants had nothing to do with my

⁴ *Disabled* is how Spanish law refers to people of functional diversity

mother overdressing me. But as a child I didn't had the words to ask, so I stayed on fire and burning, tormented and yearning until that glorious day when finger found flesh with legs spread open and back arched, honey poured from my 14-year-old gash and I wept».

-Madonna, *Sex* -

THERE ARE SCARING SEXES, but not because their shape or contents are terrifying, but because the mere fact of their existence is. In the same way as everything that doesn't have an easy scientific, philosophical or religious explanation, denying their existence is the simplest way of avoiding headaches, moral guilt or deep reflexions. When someone or something makes evident the existence of these sexes-that-do-not-exist, a punishment mechanism is turned on immediately which may be translated as a social punishment (rejection, marginalization, witch hunt, silence...) or punishment by the law.

This is how this system works, this perfect and tidy home where, although it buggers them, pyjama parties turn into orgies where adults are not invited, the little mongoloid child wanks in the garden peeping at the terrified neighbour and the armless girl has it off with the edge of the bed.

Needless to say, it's a house where the keeper himself fucks his five year old little daughter behind everybody's back, ties up the hands of his disabled son to the bed and organises some SM sessions with his rebel teenager, belt in hand. The home of the system is grotesque inside but has flowers on the balconies and a door mat where "welcome to the independent republic of your home" can be read.

We can see a terrible victimization of infancy almost every bloody day in the media, in the street, in parks, basically everywhere if one is on the alert. It's true, poor children, they have been born in a terrible world, but the way society has of turning them into victims doesn't have anything to do with a natural feeling of protection, it is based on the assumption (a precept, more like) that they are not intelligent enough, that they are mentally retarded temporarily, lack judgement and that their acts are not based on reasonable premises. That's why they have to be "protected". The fact is that under this same criterium, both mentally and physically handicapped children are placed in the same boat (they are children, aren't they?) and the same thing happened with women in the past. All of them unfathomable beings whose mad and bizarre sexualities had to be controlled (they still have to) so everything stayed in place.

One more thing I hate about the "people who do their job" with all my might is that

they try to protect us.

Naturally, for society to accept the protection pact (basic for the economic survival of any mafia) there must always be a previous terrorist factor and if there isn't, they make it up and that's it. First they scare you to death and then they tell you not to worry because they're there to save you from all that terrorizes you. They do the same with everything. I'm not going to talk about the Twin Towers because it would be a very naive example (because it's evident) of what kind of strategy the system uses to impose itself as necessary (the source of its power, for that matter) and which is prevailing in the societies of half of the world.

But, what is terrifying about the sexuality of children and adults with functional diversities?⁵ I see it as clear as water: children are not productive, ie., it would be based only on the game of pleasure, and the sexuality of the monster would only engender more monsters. And we don't want people who are useless or misshaped in our society. As they have been unlucky enough to be born (that gives us the possibility of showing our good hearts and the superiority implicit in each charity act), we shall treat them as "normal" citizens, but shall exclude from their lives the sex issue just in case, because when they die, we don't want them to leave any vestiges. Little mongoloid people fucking, reproducing and putting the "integrity" of the species at risk? No thanks. Bloody system! In my opinion, it would be less cruel to prevent them from being born, as they are going to be denied one of the most important parts of their lives.

To deny reproduction to people who are not genetically equal to the general members of society sounds like Nazism to me, to a deliberate selection, to holocaust, to eugenics. And the matter of sex is exactly the same, pure fascist thinking. People who can't reproduce are not valid for sex relations either. No matter how "modern" a society pretends to be, reproduction is closely linked to sexuality, not as its possible consequence, but as the main motivation for it to exist. Let's not fool ourselves, in most countries if you don't reproduce you're a burden for the State's plan and if you are disabled, you can't even try it. These are the ones who misunderstood Darwin, with all the consequences.

The laws protect all this in a discreet way in democracies and brazenly in dictatorships. Yet, as usual, they try to make us believe that the laws are there to protect us

⁵ In this digital edition I talk about "functional diversity", as I relieve it to be the most appropriate term to refer to people whose bodies, for one reason or other (illness, accident, etc), does not fit into the functionality parameters that society demands from humans to be fully adapted to their dynamics (to have a job where to be exploited, support a family, walk in the streets, etc). But at times I use the word "disabled" just so the humiliating treatment they endure from the law can be perceived, included also in the everyday language referring to these people who are anything but disabled.

and on our benefit. More than being of age, the Spanish laws regards the “age of consent” as the age when one is able to fuck freely. It’s generally reached at fourteen, but disabled people never reach it as they are considered perpetual teenagers.

So, children and disabled are beings whose sexuality is crippled by the law, the former ones temporarily and the others permanently.

It is very humiliating for the people with their mental faculties more or less “functional” but trapped in bodies that don’t respond to the expectations of normative seduction to have to go through the hell of not being able to have sex in a simple way and that the necessary strategies to get it have to be so hard and costly.

To depend on others to find a lover is dodgy enough in itself and even more if that person has no capacity for empathy whatsoever. All this process people with some disability have to go through would be bearable if the ones who look after them were professionals who do not regard sex as taboo.

But the worst bloody thing is that most of the institutions that are in charge of “taking care” of people with functional diversity belong or used to belong to the Church, so in spite of the evidence that for them the physical need of fucking can become blatantly obvious (according to their degree of connection to the reality norms), they are never allowed to have relations so they can placate their anxiety.

After all this it’s evident that a person with a physical or psychical problem generally preserves his/her sex drive and the need to exchange sexual desires with another person, with another body, to play, to give and take pleasure. It’s so obvious that for me to say it seems untrue; that there exist laws that censure it and educators that keep ignoring it or treat it with a heartless moraline. For instance, I’d never think as aberrant (not even extraordinary) the fact of fucking with people with the Down syndrome (after all the difference is just one chromosome) or autistic or with someone who has suffered an accident or illness and is handicapped.

I believe that exchange would be highly interesting for both. Personally, I’ve never fucked with someone with functional diversity, but it’s an experience I’ll have at some point, I know. In fact it was included in my services offered as “horizontal bitch”⁶. The extra morbid feeling I could feel, let’s say, fucking in group or with an unknown person doesn’t apply here, but just an additional curiosity originated by the absolute lack of knowledge I have on their ways of feeling things and how their bodies work, which no doubt will have nuances unknown to me up to this moment.

⁶ “Horizontal Bitches” was a Project of alternative prostitution made up of various people from the queer collective in Barcelona, Madrid and Valencia; below, in chapter 8 I extend on this matter.

I'm absolutely astonished by the wonderful publicity campaigns on television (sponsored by the "charity work" of many a savings bank or a petroleum consortium) to "integrate" people with different physical/psychological diversities into society: so they get jobs, basically to be productive, to pay their taxes, to be independent, to pay rent or mortgage. But although they are meant to be adults, the little castle of good faith and false integration tumbles down when the topic of sex enters (even in the case of a married couple) and social relations that go beyond a friendship or family ties. To endow them with certain autonomy so they can be at the service of the community does not include them having a sex life like any other people, in fact it does not include any sex life at all. The sex education that people without functional diversities get is not enough in itself, but the one that the others get is non-existent. They lack sex and therefore to give them a sex education is an unnecessary effort. The only effort is to try and convince them that they don't have anything between their legs that is not used for shitting or pissing. This effort will very rarely be rewarded with a total acceptance from the person to be convinced, as like Renée Vivien said "nothing is stronger than desire". Their marriages have to be watched over by "able" people in order for them to be carried out and they may even be impossible if «it is proved that one of the participants lacks the intellectual maturity and the necessary will to discern».⁷

I made my mind up to talk directly with a person labelled as "disabled" by the law and the system so I could hear what he thinks and give him a word in all this. Rafa was born 44 years ago from the union of a gipsy and a non-gipsy person and he was born with some difficulties: cerebral palsy. His life has been a continuous roundabout from religious, government and private institutions. His memories are not too good. But Rafa's sexuality is boundless and talks about sex without mincing words. The rage he feels about how he has been treated regarding sex all along his life cannot be expressed in words, but it can be understood through them. That's why I transcribe below a synthesis of our conversation:⁸

Diana: Rafa, tell me what kind of disability you have.

Rafa: I am the son of a non gipsy woman and a gipsy man. My delivery got difficult and I was born feet first, not head first as it is usual and that provoked cerebral palsy. I've always

⁷ Code of Canon Law. Second Numeral of Canon 1095.

⁸ This conversation took place thanks to my dear friend Zou, carer at the home where Rafa currently lives together with other people with functional diversity. His help was indispensable for the communication with Rafa to be fluent. Rafa is under the protection of the *Fundacio Pere Mitjans* (<http://www.fpmitjans.org/>), a great example of efficient working practices in this kind of organisations.

been in this wheelchair.

D: Where did you learn about sex?

R: In the street, it was all around me when I was small.

D: And, when did you have your first sexual experience? Who with?

R: At fifteen, with a disabled girl.

D: Had anyone told you about sex? Did you get a sexual education?

R: No. In my time, in the 80`s, nobody said anything about sex at schools, just like now.

D: What do you think about the society thinking that disabled have no sexuality?

R: Society is fucking shit. We are useless just because we are different. They think we don't get boners, that we don't feel desire. That mistake is widespread.

D: And about the laws that consider you as "unable", that deny your sexuality?

R: Laws are useless, another piece of shit. Screw the laws.

D: Tell me about the institutions you have been through all through your life.

R: Institutions are like jails. In some of them we were woken up at 7 a.m. and they gave us sedatives with breakfast so we were peaceful the rest of the day and didn't bother them. All day long in front of the television. That also makes one's sexuality remain completely asleep.

D: Do you think that rejection from society and the law for you to have sex is due to the fear of you reproducing?

R: Yes, it could be. Imagine we could create a big family of disabled people. In fact, about 95% of the people with psychical disability are castrated. I haven't studied physical disability so much, but I know there are some who have been castrated, mainly males.

D: How?!

R: Before they are five years old the parents may sign a document authorizing the institution to carry out tubal ligations or vasectomies, apparently to protect the person...

D: Why is it said that they cannot bear children? They do it with the excuse to protect us.

Zou: And a disabled person cannot give his or her opinion or talk about how he or she would like to have sex either. For instance, Pepo cannot do it.

D: Who is Pepo?

Z: He doesn't talk. His communication skills are very limited.

R: Or like Antonio García.

D: What's wrong with Antonio?

R: Well, he's blind and mute. But he makes out with Pepo.

D: Together?

Z: Yes, they are a nice couple. They have baths and sleep together.

R: The carers, as opposed to the prostitutes run away from me (laughs).

D: Run away from you? Why?

Z: Because he's a dirty old man.

R: Because my hand goes for some basic female and male spots.

D: I love that. Are you bisexual?

R: Yes, I declare myself to be bisexual. I widen the range to all sexualities. We are animals.

D: Rafa, what do you know about the treatment institutions give to disabled people? It seems that you possess quite a lot of documentation.

R: Here in Spain the situation is bad, but in Latin America...I've been to Chile, Peru, Ecuador, Argentina...it's even worse. Imagine, in Cuba they lock them up in cages, they are not taught to read or write...they lock them up so they can forget them.

D: How does it go here?

R: Sex is not mentioned. I'm quite bright and I've always asked for sex, with whores, of course. But that's now that I can ask for it; I've been in other places where one is so sedated that thinking about sex is impossible. They keep us like vegetables in many institutions.

D: I guess that the whores and nuns subject is not quite compatible.

R: To have sex in public or religious institutions is totally unfeasible and if they see that you like it and you don't give it up, they punish you, dope you...

D: Right, rafa. I love this interview. When the book comes out I'll hand you a copy.

R: And I'm coming to the presentation whenever it's done.

D: You'll come with me?. It'd be a scream!.

Many people would feel terrified if those who the legal code defines as "disabled" one day decided to (those who could) go out into the streets to proclaim the terrible injustice being committed against their bodies and their lives. In the same manner as there is a demonstration to protest about the limitations of gay people's rights, there should also be a representation of that monstrous and unknown sexuality in the streets. The bunch made up by the *Foro de la Familia*, the *Conferencia Episcopal* and the bigots would panic much more seeing two people with functional diversity having a good French kiss than seeing two queers or two dykes: if they are given to choose between the extinction or the spreading of the monsters, the second choice must be a part of their worst nightmares. I hope that some day something like that happens or, at least, that this abominable cynicism and hypocrisy that surrounds this sexuality ends and that those who observe it (but not live it) have wanted to turn into something inexistent just because deep down inside they are shit scared of anything contradicting or disagreeing with their outdated ideas. Enough is

enough! I may repeat myself, but all we want is them to let us live in peace.

The situation of the children is somewhat different, as their “disability” is temporary and their victimization is further extended. Their bodies are treated with an extra precaution rooted in the certainty that one day they’ll be adults and the germ of them becoming serfs or rebels is in that education. This makes the manipulating of their sexualities to be much more complex and strategically better developed. Violence also plays a key part on the education of children. Long ago it was an explicit violence, now it is wrapped under an apparent friendliness. I was very lucky to grow up among excellent people who never laid a hand on me, but many people close to me are dragging forever the sequels that their strict, violent or excessively authoritative parents left them. Unfortunately, I also know very close cases of people who were raped when children by some adult. I believe that pederasty, understood as an abuse of power exercised by an adult on a little boy or girl with sexual aims is something despicable, but not by the mere fact of the sexual goal, but for just being an abuse. That’s why it’s so hard for me to classify the degree of infamy of the many abuses committed on girls and boys: I see them all equally atrocious.

The really traumatic part of the fact that an adult fucks a boy or a girl doesn’t lie in the act in itself, but in the imposed manner in which the adult approaches the child’s sexuality, under the presumption that it doesn’t exist. The abuser remains protected by the silence that, according to the outdated pedagogy, the minor will keep when grown up as, supposedly, a person under seven years of age won’t be able to remember what happened before that age. The lack of credibility that the voice of a minor has at court also protects the abuser. The abuse is motivated by the morbid pleasure of colonizing virgin land and stealing the innocence of a pure soul, isn’t that right?

All lies. The reasons that make an adult to sexually abuse a minor are the foundations of a huge mountain of shit and lies. Virginity and purity are an invention of the Christian-Judean morality. Girls and boys are not pure or impure, they are simply newcomers to this world.

A girl or a boy will remember things that happened well before the age of seven and if they are not remembered, it doesn’t mean that they are not bound to be an influence in their adult lives, because everything that happens to us when we are kids is precisely what will turn us in what we are going to be for the rest of our lives. Needless to say that we possess sexuality from a very early age as living beings and although it is not subjected to social norms or conditioned by experience is not a legitimate reason to deny its existence.

Thus, the paedophile subject feels like a colonizer invading land never trodden

before by another human being although, in reality, the child's body will have already been touched by itself or another child of the same age. Therefore, an equal relation in the game of pleasure is not established between the abuser and the abused, but the helpless body is turned into an object for a fetishist or sexual use. The girl or the boy are not then a person, but an object for masturbation which, if endowed with feelings, it would only be for the pleasure that some bastards feel with the pain or the confusion of others.

In the same way that we can only enjoy a game with a girl or a boy if they understand how the game works (if we play something within their cognitive understanding), sexual relations between adults and minors should be established following this basic parameter, which perhaps would lead such relations never to exist because a child's sexuality is radically different to an adult's. The bodies are different and also work in different ways and the experience possessed by an adult in his or her previous relations makes their expectations never to be satisfied by an inexperienced girl or a boy when trying to get pleasure out of them. And even if it is a game understood and agreed by both parties, I'm not so sure the minor could ever manage to grasp the experience of "the other", as it cannot be understood in his or her own very different body. I don't discard the idea that the adult may be unable to assimilate what has happened either...

Certainly, I've never slept with a minor (except when I was also a minor) and from my experience I don't know what can be felt. Perhaps nothing bad happens if the mind of the adult is sane enough or that of the child is open enough in order to channel the feelings.

When I was small I used to include sex in my games constantly, alone or in company. From the perspective of age I see the things that we did as imaginative perversions absolutely boundless and absolutely free of all the crap that keeps accumulating in the crotch of the minds as they keep amputating the tentacles of our sexual impulses. Those games very often happened in a spontaneous way (although sometimes we planned them. Mainly when we realised that we were doing something forbidden) right when we were playing other games. They usually took place among a more or less reduced bunch of children whose affinities were similar (one discovers from a very early age who are going to be the best play mates and who a wet fish) and where there was no hierarchy, but I must admit that many a time it was me who made the "indecent proposal" even though its development was the fruit of all the group's minds. Truth is that, almost every time we gathered in private quarters, usually celebrating someone's birthday, we ended up playing some game related to sex. This is nothing new, but I think we never needed the excuse of "playing nurses" or "mum and dad" to paw each other or take out clothes off, we just did it and that's it. It wasn't just the boys who were more interested in

this matter, as it is generally believed, as our genres (this may sound very queer, but it's the truth) were in a way diffused by the neutrality that the lack of hormone development gives. And this is how between the ages of seven and eleven my sexual life was fruitfully enriched by my friends with whom we organised actual sex parties.

I don't know what would have happened if an adult had tried to take part in our game. Probably we would have eaten him or her with potatoes or wouldn't have let him participate at all, basically because he or she wouldn't have been up to our standard of fantasies and desires.

One of those games, probably the one I must have played more often during my childhood, was the following: there were two twin beds in my room and they were always together. We separated them leaving a gap of about fifteen centimetres. One of the participants (we were usually about four or five) laid face down naked between the two beds so the rest of us could reach his or her genitals from below the bed. He or she stayed like that for a while not knowing whose was the hand touching. We did everything from below: touch, suck, fondle... and after we took turns. I remember the burning sensation when it was my turn of being pawed. I don't know if I ended up coming or not, as that was not what we aimed for at all: it was the eroticism of the touch, of touching another body and someone else's genitals and the satisfaction of curiosity which made me randy. Perhaps this is the main difference between the sex I practiced when I was a girl and the sex I now practice: to reach an orgasm was not just a secondary idea, but completely left aside in our games, although I am pretty sure that it was the main reason when we masturbated alone. One more positive thing about this is that from that moment I stopped fearing what could come out from under the bed when I was alone because we turned that space (before inhabited by a monster created by the evil parents of the others and transmitted to me through them so we wouldn't escape in the middle of the night to do our things) into a place of pleasure.

We did something similar inside the wardrobe. One of us would go in between the coats and we put our hands in and felt around.

One more game, sophisticated enough to be in any of the Maria Beatty films, was the one I did just with my friend Esther. We took a ball of wool and unrolled it completely. Then we rolled it up again but one on each end, so there were two smaller balls left. We stuck one into each slit or arsehole and walked around the house leaving the string of wool coming out of our orifices around everything; sofas, pillars, furniture and our own bodies. The winner was the one who pulled out all the wool before. We laughed a lot with this game but we were totally aware that besides the fun of knitting up the whole house we also got

some considerable sexual pleasure. After tidying up and putting our clothes on we imagined the possibility of her mother having come earlier from work finding us right in the middle of the game and that cracked us up. In a way we laughed about adults, of their ridiculous and boring way of doing things, of their lack of imagination or their excessive composure.

I wonder how we adults would fuck if we had never seen porn films, if we had never been told (or imposed) how to do it. It would probably be much more fun. I think that, in a way, post-pornography brings back the free spirit of fucking like a child.

All this means that children in general fuck and the bleeding society that ignores their sexuality and also tries desperately not to let them develop in a healthy and complete way should be aware of this.

I don't know it just because I have imagined it, but because I've lived it and because I don't believe that me and my friends were an exceptional case. It's sad that it has to be a thing done in hiding and under the pressure of thousands of restrictions. I've just imagined a park where there are only children whose parents haven't restricted their freedom at all; perhaps it would be like a cruising spot for children. I didn't fuck much in parks with friends because they seemed to restrain themselves much more in public spaces, but we did it a few times, so it is also possible.

My claims should not be taken as an apology of pederasty. I just mean to get a clear picture of the discrimination hidden among the crimes committed against infants. Some of them are crimes socially accepted, endorsed by religions, governments and teachers, others are punished with jail.

To force a child to submit to our will without explanations (knowing that it will not understand the adult motivations behind it) is a crime that violates the integrity and autonomy of the child; to drill holes into the ears of a girl or any other permanent body alteration, such as "ablation" when she is a new born is a crime against her faculty of decision which will leave her marked for the rest of her life; to baptise them or cutting their prepuce off or force them to take communion; the genital mutilation that thousands of inter-sexual girls and boys suffer every day so they can fit the standards of the norm; the physical punishments given to them "for their own good" are crimes against children, but they are approved by the institutions and not only accepted as normal processes but the system also rewards, supports and maintains them.

After reading Alice Miller's book *For your Own Good. Roots of Violence in Children Education*⁹ I feel terribly tired of seeing so many injustices committed on children, even

since they are babies, in the name of education endorsed by endless centuries of pedagogy aimed at turning the individual into an obeying and working machine. I've been particularly shocked by some fragments of *Black Pedagogy* by Katharina Rutschky, a compilation of pedagogical writings quoted by Miller. Such absurdities as the ones below can be read in it:

«A child who is used to obeying its parents will also submit willingly to the rules and laws of reason when he or she will be lord and master of its actions, as it will be used not to act according to its own free will ».¹⁰

I wonder how could someone be really the owner of its acts if not through its will, an element which together with its disposition and personality, feelings and stubbornness makes up all that the 18th and 19th centuries pedagogy (and to a certain extent also that of the 20th Century) tried to erase completely from any child (and future adult) with the cruellest and most inhuman of methods.

Another fragment that can freeze one's blood:

«Words are not the exactly ideal instrument to install and develop a moral behaviour or to reject and eradicate immorality ».¹¹

The methods recommended by these gentlemen to explain to children where we come from are also worthy of note (I've found even worse nonsense than the stork delivering babies), to eradicate their feelings (because children are naturally immoral), to strip them of their own personality, to tattoo them forever with the brand of the castrating and repressive order deep down their conscience.

We needn't go so far in time to know that the traditional education system is still alive. What happens is that now it comes wrapped in niceties and shrewdness. Alice Miller numbers thus the list of atrocities that established and still establish the base of general education, which to a certain degree keep being applied:

«Adults are the masters (and not the servants!) of the depending child; like gods they decide

Alice Miller is a Doctor in Philosophy. She taught and worked on psychoanalysis for 20 years before publishing her first book *The Drama of the Gifted Child* in 1979. Mainly, her literary and essays work denounces the irreversible damage provoked by traditional education (which she calls children's mistreatment) on adults.

¹⁰ Sulzer, J.: Versuch von der Erzie und Unterweisung der Kinder , 1748.

¹¹ Hergang, K. G.: Padagogische Realenzyklopadie, 1851.

what is just or unjust; their wrath comes from their own conflicts; the child is who provokes it; parents have to be permanently protected; the living feelings of a child pose a danger for the domineering adults; the child has to be “stripped of its free will” as soon as possible; it all has to be done at a very early age so the child “does not notice” and is not able to betray the adult». ¹²

Some of these crimes are committed even nowadays, and although laws not only don't allow them, but also punish them, they are not regarded as illegalities, but as something totally licit by society. To give a brat a couple of smacks from time to time is not regarded as something bad, but as something appropriate by most of the society. No one would report a mother for smacking her child in a park, but if she practised fellatio, same context, there would be lots of telephones dialling the police number. And it's not just a matter of pondering which is worse, as both things are, but to think a bit about why one of these actions is represented by the law, but ignored in practice, and the other is considered a crime that the law and the people equally condemn.

In reality, what bugs me most is not the fact that there are adults who impose their sexuality on children in order to get pleasure being fully aware that they won't be able to understand exactly how the “game” is played. The worst of all is that adults keep doing it to children and only when it is about sex, it is demonised and punished. A very basic example: a wedding. How the fuck is a five or six year old child going to understand why the hell they have to wear that cute little dress covered with ribbons as embarrassing and uncomfy as fuck knows? Or why does everybody say “how cute” and pinch their cheeks? I had the great fortune of being present just in one of these events in my whole life and I was too small to remember. The only thing I recall is that my parents dressed me up in a comfortable dress full of fringes which I sucked all along the reception. But I know many people who still have hang-ups due to this kind of “abuse”.

Not to mention communions... most of the children only go through it for the implicit bribe given by the religious rite, for the presents, for the feast. I believe it's awful to impose a religion on a person whose age doesn't allow for any kind of understanding and that, besides, it's done in such an evil way, by tricking them with material rewards. I wonder then which is the difference between this kind of bribe and the one a bloke gives a little girl when he asks her to whack him off in return of a sweet. Or to be more direct: I can't see the difference between a priest that forces a kid to suck his cock and then

¹² Miller, A.: For Your Oen Good . Roots of Violence in Children Education, Tusquets, Barcelona, 1998, pag. 66.

blackmails him so he doesn't tell and the priest that warns the same kid to take communion or he'll go straight to hell.

What I mean is: if the most powerful reason to ban sexual relations between adults and children is that kids are too young to understand what is happening (the only valid reason as far as I'm concerned) and that besides they would be traumatised, then I'd love to know why force them to do other "adult" things equally harmful to their integrity or impose on them absurd beliefs or ridiculous rites is not considered as something bad, disgusting or criminal. Well, to tell the truth, I know. When sex is present, everything becomes dirty and dark, anything related to it turns twisted, something that has to be hidden. Still, I can't guess why. After having read the History of Sexuality by Foucault I still haven't got a clear picture. How something so basic can have so much power...

What is a minor? I've wondered this many a time. How is it possible that all the people from one country can be classified under the same temporary scale? Nobody lives time at the same speed, the maturing process is such an intimate subject, so characteristic of the personality and so subjected to the living circumstances of each individual that it is ridiculous that the date on a birth certificate can determine whether someone can or can't do certain things. It's absurd that a fourteen year old boy can be responsible enough to ride a moped and not to screw with a person over eighteen without getting himself (or the other person) into legal trouble. In the U.S.A., a sixteen year old person can have a weapon and drive cars, but can't have legal sexual relations. Bright enough to kill, and not enough to exchange fluids...

When it's the state who establishes when a person can or can't do this or that with our own body, I would never think of calling that organisation "Rule of Law".

With the excuse of the law for protecting minors, that being they consider so fragile for some things but so hard for others (and here I specifically refer to the tortures justified by education), they have even reached the extreme of not showing their faces on tv. I believe that this overprotection (absolutely unnecessary in most cases) endangers one of the most sacred rights of the human being: the freedom of decision. Although reaching this point and after reading this law from beginning to end I don't know if minors would be under the classification of human beings, as most of their freedom is taken away from them and that, at least in Spain, until they are eighteen they are really owned by their parents or tutors: they are something "to be had" and not someone with whom a period of life is shared.

Both the children and the "disabled" fuck and possess their own sexuality, when society finally understands this, perhaps many people will stop trying to fuck them or

censure their desires.

TERRORIST «PATHOLOGIES»:
SM, EXHIBITIONISM, GENDER DYSPHORIA

« A hostage is set free. She talks on the radio:
“At last I have been able to remove my body hair, put some perfume on,
feel feminine again”.

At least this is the sentence they have chosen.

She doesn't want to walk around the city,
meet her friends or read the newspaper.

She just wants to shave her body?

It's her inalienable right.

But, please, don't ask me to be normal».

- Virginie Despentes, *King Kong Theory*¹³

SADOMASOCHISM WAS REMOVED FROM THE MANUAL *Diagnose of Mental Disorders* in the year 1994 (although some of the practices contained in SM can still be found in it).

Homosexuality was removed in 1973. Exhibitionism keeps being considered a paraphilia, and the same with voyeurism, fruit of a mental disorder. Gender dysphoria is still in there, to the shame of humankind and medicine.

When I say I'm mad, it's not just a manner of speech, I'm really sick and, if tomorrow I go to see my family physician and ask him for an appointment with the psychiatrist because I get horny fucking in public or being seen naked or because I can't be sure if I'm always a woman or because sometimes when I look out of the window I feel like flying through it or because some days when I wake up I want to kill lots of people, he would probably arrange an urgent appointment with the shrink. And the shrink, consulting his manual, would diagnose that I am an exhibitionist, a sociopath, that I have a gender identity issue with suicidal tendencies. He would then say that I need chemical treatment and that I could probably pose a danger for society. Perhaps I'd be locked, who knows, I've never seen a psychiatrist or a psychologist and I think I would only do it if what I do with my life and my emotions became at some point an obstacle for my purposes or I would

¹³ Despentes, V.: *King Kong Theory*, Melusina, Barcelona, 2007, page. 117.

constantly hurt the people I love.

Madness has so many faces and there are so many states that can be diagnosed as pathologies that I can say without a doubt that I don't know a single sane person deeply. I say deeply because the world I live in is full of sane people, all those who are useful elements in the chain have their heads in the right place, with their work days, mortgages, big families and their Sunday masses. The military is also very sane, and the priests, the politicians (the centre ones) and the gutter communicators. And obviously doctors, they are the sanest of all. Normal people, at the most, are allowed to be depressed (not mad, because depression is almost a human reflexion of their ways of living). In fact, they have even given it a nice term: ("oh, dear! I feel bit down"), as if trying to take importance out of it, because if were recurrent and something to worry about, it would have to worry a lot. Half of the world is depressed, but not mad, just depressed. Depression doesn't imply a marginalization of the "patients", unlike the terrorist paraphilias I am going to talk about.

It's funny that a mental pathology such as depression kills thousands of people every year in our civilized universe and is still considered something normal. I'm still expecting someone to commit suicide because he or she has been diagnosed of suffering from exhibitionism, homosexuality, sadomasochism or gender dysphoria. In fact, if any of these people decides to commit suicide, it will probably due to the way they are treated by society, the norm and medicine, for the pathologies that they imprint on their lives to the point of making them so miserable that it's not worth living.

I find really interesting to think about why these behaviours can be considered as terrorism. Going a bit beyond the evident, that their link with sexuality or gender in themselves turn them into dangerous illnesses for the *establishment*. I think that value of transgression lies basically in the faculty they have to cast a doubt on things believed to be dogmatic and immovable, such as genders, reproductive sexuality, the intimacy (not to say secrecy) of the sexual act and the almost hereditary nature of power.

There is a hidden interest, but each time more and more explicit in calling a pathology whatever puts the stability of the system of values at risk.

To make a person mad is a way of erasing the legitimacy of his or her voice, of silencing it, of sending it to the same place where kids are put (and time ago also women): a place where their opinion needn't be listened to because they make no sense or reason. Because mad people can never be taken seriously, after all they are mad and their words and acts are caused only by their delirium. The idea that the actions of demented people can be taken into account is something that deeply scares society. And even more the fact that their ideas could be of any influence on the collective reality and modify it. To accept

the changes that they may provoke which affect globally to all the individuals of the community is really traumatic for those who had already assumed that sick people would never decide anything that could have an influence on their lives. There are still people who are losing their sleep over the fact that the poofers of the first world are not locked in jails or burning in bonfires instead of displaying their indecency in the streets.

There's no need of putting us in jail anymore, just by keeping our practices and our behaviours inside a manual that says we are sick people is enough. This way, their consciences stay cleaner. It's a really despicable strategy.

Sadomasochism, as Foucault says in his text/interview *Sex and Identity Politics*¹⁴

«is the erotization of power, the erotization of strategic relations. The most shocking aspect of sadomasochism is its enormous differences with social power. Power is characterized because it constitutes a strategic relation which lies in the institutions. Within the power relations, the mobility is greatly reduced; certain strongholds are completely impregnable because they have been institutionalized, because they have an influx that can be perceived in courts of law, in the legislation. Strategic relations between individuals are characterized by their extreme rigidity. To this purpose sadomasochism is highly interesting as, although it is a strategic relation, it's main characteristic is flexibility. Of course, there are two roles, but nobody ignores that these roles may be exchanged. At times, at the beginning of the game, one is the master and the other the slave and at the end the one who was the slave becomes the master. Or even when the roles are permanent, the actors know perfectly well that it's only a game, because the rules are followed, be there a tacit or expressed agreement by which to establish certain limits. This game of strategies presents a great interest as a source of physical pleasure. But I wouldn't dare to say that it is a repetition in the circle of erotic relation, of the structure of power. It is a representation of the structures of power through a game of strategies able to bring sexual or physical pleasure ».

From my point of view, the flexibility of the one exercising the power and the one who submits to it so representative of sadomasochism is almost a check mate to the belief that the one having the power has it by way of a divine or political intervention and that we should live with that. Also it's a challenge for the dogma that punishment can never be a reward.

¹⁴ Inside Granada, I.: Michel Foucault, Wonderful. Sex and Power, Anagal. 2007. Full catalog at <http://anagal-maquina.blogspot.com>. Text from Foucault, M.: Une interview: sexe, pouvoir et la politique de l'identité, en Dits et Ecrits, T. IV, Gallimard, Paris, p. 735-752

It completely subverts the ancient mechanism of prize used by the system to manipulate humans from the very dawn of time.

To those who believed that their tools of power (torture, physical punishment, humiliation and domination) given to them for their legitimate use in the defence of their never sexual interests were sacred weapons, sadomasochism says: do not fool yourselves, they are toys and anyone can play with them.

It's terrorism. That's why it was a pathology for a long time and still nowadays it is a completely demonized paraphilia. Not going too far, some feminists claimed without the shadow of a doubt that a woman who likes to be beaten is a sick person who destroys all the effort that many of them have made to end violence on women. They didn't realise (and many never will) that non-consensual violence has nothing to do with sadomasochism. It's always been like this to me: one has to respect the will of people over everything else, even when that will entails the perversion (or the revision) of our strongest beliefs.

What I am saying about will may be rather paradoxical when one bears in mind that it is one of the better valued elements by our society. Interestingly, sadomasochism also throws doubt on the will, not only by saying divergent things about it but almost showing the fragility of its existence. When I began experimenting with BDSM I wrote the text below which I think describes quite well my view on will:

«Now that I have to express it with words for the first time, I don't know how to begin. An SM session is like a little death and a little rebirth each time. The tentacles I reach out to my mistress when we are inside are like umbilical cords, especially with *shibari*, it is a very uterine link. It's not a matter of trust, it's much more than that. I abandon myself, I deposit my will in Her and at the moment she takes it, I'm freer than ever.

Will is the worst of tyrants. Then my mistress is the slave of two wills, as a cage of mirrors, it is too beautiful to be able to express it better. And it makes me feel free as if I had nothing on my soul, no burden, no anchor. At times I feel so light that only the pain helps me from fading into space. The pain, the sacred pain. It's like a trance. When it begins, it is deeply disturbing and that disturbance activates an I-don't-know-what inside my brain that makes me fly far away. After, when some stimuli makes me come back into my body (more pain, a different pain, a caress), I find it full of pleasure. My body is the temple of pleasure when I come back to it. What makes me feel more humiliated is all the pleasure I get knowing that it is impossible for Her to reach me, it is the shame of my immense pleasure. In Change, I give Her my full submission, but I think it is never enough, perhaps

it isn't, there is no doubt that she enjoys it, but I can't be Her to know it better, nor I want to know it better, I like to feel ashamed, it's not a very common thing in me. I am on my side and I can't change it with Her, my hands are unable to provoke any sort of pain and my brain cannot send orders even to myself. Discipline is something that, in my case, has to come from outside, I could never be a mistress. This is what I think about SM. I don't believe it's the only thing I think, but it is the most important. SM is sublimation, it's a pleasure and an accurate pain, a blow on the asleep consciousness. And She..., to know that Her hand is on the other end of the cord makes me feel safer than ever, it is the purest gesture of love ».

A very common argument to condemn or labelling BDSM as a pathology is that people who practise it do it because they had unpleasant experiences during childhood related to family violence and one of their ways to channel that pain and frustration is by giving or getting beatings. Just bullshit!

I don't deny that pain can be used to cure lots of crappy things in general and that there are people who even use it to redeem their guilt (flagellation wasn't invented by the Marquis de Sade or Sacher-Masoch, but the Church), yet, it is absurd and contradictory to claim that something that has the proprieties to cure can be the direct consequence of the "sickness".

In my case, physical violence was never a part of my life. Mum and dad never put their hands on me, I was never harassed at school or beaten by anybody. I've never had a fight with anyone either. Until one day I willingly decided that pain was a virgin path to be explored. I don't know if there is a more healthy point to start the path which I took to experiment with SM. Indeed, for me it was the best way, when there is not much pain in the cellular memory and one day one chooses it voluntarily. I've never considered it as a therapy or a redemption (although both of these pain qualities impress me) but simply that pain and pleasure, in regards to intense sensations, run through the same nerve in me. Although I have also discovered that my body is not always ready to suffer, when it is, the borders between that which is painful and that which is pleasant get magically blurred.

I think I discovered it by means of a tattoo, my knickers were soaking when I got home after getting one done and the great horniness that vibrated with the same beat as the tattooing machine were clear signs that took me more than I could imagine to interpret. The "active agent" was missing, because fucking the person tattooing me was not among my plans.

One day, that executioner of pain/pleasure came into my life.

I don't understand very well how the mechanism of pain or submission works yet. Sometimes fear is stronger than pleasure or curiosity. To overcome it is the goal, to destroy all borders or limits. To oust will in order to give it away better. I admire those who seem to have managed to do it.

There's no pathology in my masochism, if there were it would have already affected my life or that of the people around me negatively (a basic premise to consider something as a mental disorder). I don't give a shit if someone thinks its terrifying. Well, in fact I do give a shit, it turns me on even more.

About gender dysphoria, the first time I learnt that was the way psychiatry had of calling transexuality or transgenderism as a mental disorder I thought: how fucking intelligent can the system be! It couldn't be any other way, people who distort categories as sacred as man and woman have to suffer from a mental disorder necessarily. Moreover, we shall set a clinical, bureaucratic and social mechanism so their lives become a real nightmare and with a bit of luck half of them will kill themselves.

I think it's sickening that the gender identity of someone should be diagnosed by a man in a lab coat, but it's even worse that there are only two legal options left to choose from. Anything inbetween, defector, multiple, is a public danger.

How much desperation I've seen in the eyes of the people who can't make out if I am a woman or a man (which has been happening to me since early puberty). Suddenly, they find themselves in a vacuum that puts many a thing to the test... if you aren't a man or a woman you are a challenge.

How many times I've gone into the right toilet according to my genitals and have come out because all the "ladies" have entered a crisis in front of my androgynous look.

The first time I shaved my head I realised that gender is a fucking show. From the very moment I was going out through my home's threshold the interferences began. A woman with a shaven head? A woman with a teenager's face? No fucking way, we'd rather think it's a man, a boy, a kid. It doesn't matter that it has tits and that they are obvious. It's a boy with tits, he's probably eaten too much chicken with hormones.

I remember that when I was sixteen, in high school, a mistake was made in the attendance list given to teachers with the names of the students. My name was written Antonio Diana Junyent Torres. Most of the teachers saw the mistake and corrected it from the first day classes began. Many of them knew me from the previous year and had no doubt of my gender. Except the cunt who taught Latin who had not been fortunate enough to meet me before because that was the first year we took that subject.

The first day, when he started calling the roll, he said to me "your second name is

peculiar. Antonio is the Goddess of the hunt”. The whole class cracked up, and I did too, of course, but the poor man didn’t have the faintest idea why we were roaring with laughter. It wasn’t until the middle of the year (and he called the roll every morning) when out of pity I said to him: «Diana is my name, Antonio is a mistake I am a girl».

I remember his silence and his astonished face. His reaction was to send me out because he considered that I had been taking the piss. In fact, this is how he explained it to the principal, that I had been making a fool of him for over two months pretending I was a boy. I felt more pity for him than before when the principal burst out laughing. And right then I knew that genders are a piss-take, a macabre joke by the system so we become even scarier of not adjusting to its lines. Not to make clear (or not to see clearly) if one is a man or a woman is terrorism from A to Z.

The most important thing you are given when you arrive in this world is your gender, they give it to you as a sort of survival kit to live and you’ll never be able to get rid of it because your happiness, fortune and dreams depend on it. But suddenly, one day you realise that not only you can survive perfectly without it but that you are much freer, that you can mingle into society provoking a squeak wherever you go.

It’s absolutely normal for them to claim that such demonstration of power is dysphoric. It has to be taken away before the whole fucking structure that seemed so solid and tough collapses like a little castle of cards. As the crowd from *Guerrilla Travolaka* says, not gender dysphoria at all, it’s just gender euphoria.

I won’t take a long time with exhibitionism, deep down it has its roots in something I’ve said many times before: its condemnation is based on that terrible thing they call the “right not to see”. It’s another sign of identity they have decided to label sex with: it must be dirty, abject and indecent. It is also like that indoors, not just to take it out into the streets what makes it something evil, but its very same existence. Why do we think that it’s indecent for two (or more) people to fuck in public and the same reaction doesn’t happen when we see someone eating, drinking, sleeping or breathing? Sex is one more physiological function and as opposed to defecation (another thing done in private) it doesn’t stink or is unhealthy.

If I get so horny fucking in public as well as privately is just precisely because it’s forbidden and censured and I am sure that if it wasn’t, I wouldn’t care to do it indoors or outdoors because it would be exactly the same: something I do because my body is asking for it, because I feel like doing it.

Dogs fuck peacefully in cities (I have seen old ladies covering the eyes of children when it happens in parks), apes in the jungle, all the fucking animals in the planet fuck

wherever they fancy. What the hell has happened to us? Aren't we animals? I'm very sorry, ladies and gentleman, but I am an animal, and "human" is simply a sub-category of my animality. It's that simple. I'm sick and tired of the obstacles imposed on me by those who think that we are a different species just due to this type of sub-normalities. For me the main difference is the fact that we are the only animal capable of self-extermination, that is the really shameful thing, not that we start fucking wherever we get the urge of doing it.

I'd love to know why celibate or monogamy have never been considered as paraphilias, sicknesses or mental disorders when it's absolutely clear that they go against the laws of "nature". I believe it's really sickening to give up sex (and the affection that goes with it) for religious convictions or to submit the freedom of choice of desire to a norm so moralist and so little practical as monogamy.

Jails are crowded with men who have killed their wives. And it's all the fault of genuine mental disorders such as jealousy or monogamy being not only something lived everyday normally, but as an indispensable requirement and authenticity stamp of true love.

Priests raping children is a direct consequence of their celibate vows and the way the church has systematically screwed not only those outside its norms but also those who have decided to give themselves and their lives to it. They fuck with children because all living beings need to fuck and that is the only way they have found to do what their body demands and still keep preserving their dignity to the outside world, by pretending to be perfect celibates but having their relations with little people who won't be able to explain what has happened protected by the silence of fear. I am sure that many of them don't regard it as skipping their vows, as children don't have sex, they are like the angels...

Monogamy, jealousy and celibate kill people, me going around naked or enjoying being spanked now and again in bed or sometimes not wanting to define my sex as male or female doesn't kill anyone. It wouldn't even be harmful if it wasn't for the amount of shit they put into our heads, if many people had not believed that "right not to see" stuff and they took more concern about their own lives and let the rest live ours in peace.

OUR SEX IS A GUN CHARGED WITH MERCURY

«When nothing exhilarating is personally hoped for, the heartbeat gets louder
going beyond conscience,
blindly living, fiercely existing like a pulse beating on darkness.

[...]

Because we live by blows, because they hardly let us say that we are who we
are,

our singing cannot be without sin an ornament,

we are hitting bottom».

-Gabriel Celaya, fragment from

Poetry is a weapon loaded with future-

I'VE GOT POISON BETWEEN MY LEGS. Nerve goes through my whole body, it produces convulsions in my pelvis and vertebrae, it splits where I split and breaks up whenever I fuck, it remakes itself once more and joins other nerves of its same nature. My crotch is toxic. Like an insect that has developed colours to kill so it drives off predators, my coloured, fierce clitoris rises, like a cat or an ape facing the enemy, bristles standing on end, my mohican stands against the world to say: look at me, I'm a female that could tear you to scraps, I'm a male that could beg for a caress. I'm a mental hermaphrodite.

In the beginning I was just live flesh, unprotected, exposed... but my skin has been filling up with experiences that have given it the hardness of an armour and still keeps being sensitive, the power of being a border line and still being penetrable.

The bodies of my lovers and their blessed sweat hardened it, the acid rain, the *epilady* and *gillette*, the whiplashes of those who knew how to abuse me with so much love, the clothes that hurt me so much when I am forced to wear them and not just to keep warm, the gazes of reproach, of incomprehension, of contempt.

My skin is a miracle of cybernetics and prosthesis. My live flesh lives inside it to fill it up of contents, my fluids also live inside, although often they overflow.

The enemy wanted my skin to be a jail to keep me inside it forever under the strictest surveillance (that of my own eyes), but I have placed flowers like gushing vulvas between the bars and there hasn't been a wall strong enough to resist and contain my desires. I'm a boisterous, annoying and unreformable jail. I live in a caravan-body, a body-bodies a bunker body.

And from this body that houses all my riches and resources inside, I stand up and encourage you to do the same, as we have to be aware of the power our bastard sexualities possess and to acknowledge it in order to use it beyond orgasm, beyond performance or workshop, beyond the artistic, poetic or even political contexts. Let's brand it with war. Our spunk is a weapon, a gush of corrosive acid, our dilated and lewd holes are barricades or

quicksand traps, our flesh or plastic penises are missiles, our fingers bullets, our tongues machine guns, our tits hand grenades and the whole extension of our skin is a minefield.

We are armed to the teeth and the enemy is out there screwing us from all fronts while I wonder: what the fuck are we waiting for? Let's begin by taking possession of our bodies, bring them out of their cages built by social conventions, religious repression and ideological limitations, let's save them from the imposed aesthetic torture and from the languor of the norm.

They have power enough to lock us up in concrete prisons and also to lock us up in our own bodies. The difference is that we can get away from the second by means of our will; it may be a less technical and more psychological question, it may take great effort and it may not be pleasant (although I see it as one of the greatest pleasures, mainly when the moment of freedom arrives), but we've got to do it because that's our power, the only one left from scarcity, exclusion and the stigmatization of abnormality.

We've got the power of turning into a nightmare for those who hate our own existence, of taking revenge for all those women who never had an orgasm or those who were fried at the stake for having them boisterously, those men who died unawares of their prostates, our mothers and fathers, grandparents and all who fucked but didn't enjoy it fully and who sacrificed their sexualities on behalf of the conventions of reproduction so we can now be here.

When talking about our sex, it's also unavoidable to mention our love, also bastard, also arsonist.

I'm far away from the prudish idea that sex and love must go together, nothing to do. Still, I admit that I only fuck what I desire, and I usually desire it because I love it or hate it in a way. The vast majority of my acts are ruled by my personal way of understanding or feeling love, by the special characteristics of the things I love. That's why I search for them. I also mean the other side of love: hate and the things I hate, which are also works of that engine.

To say that our sex is a weapon is to really transcend largely what may be understood by sex. The question is that it's in our sex where transgression becomes more evident and accurate, because it is much more outrageous, because it hurts more, because it's a minefield in sensitive territory. Ultimately, love is just a contemporary taboo, sex has been like that almost from the very beginning. But the radicalism (the root) of our fighting sexualities is not (at least in my case and in what I have been able to observe closely in my allies) in the drive of desire, although it is highly useful as nurture, but in the will to make what we love an indisputable reality, never mind who gets fucked up, and that what we

hate can be modified positively in some way by our acts. Like many others, I'm sick and tired of the reinventions and definitions of love. That's the reason why what I really want to say is what absolute love is not. Of all the concepts that politics, religion and society have fiddle with, both in love as in sex, great crimes and cruelty were committed. There are concepts that were already corrupted at birth, that were clearly predisposed for any type of deception from the very beginning. Or even that they were created specifically so their course ended up corrupted. So, the destiny of money, politics, economy, the norm or even the "truth" was almost from the very start manipulation stuff. All that was too exclusively human, it was bound to be exploited. But love... love has never had the need to be invented, it was there since the beginning, almost unnoticed but always being essential for most of the events. Like those things that are so important, that don't need extra importance, they don't require any manifestations to validate them (although love has many).

I have no idea of how I got to know what love is, but I know it, I've got it written inside me without any artificial nonsense, such as language. At times, when I try to express it in any way, I always end up despairing due to the material impossibility of saying it clearer and then I realise what a twat I am when I see that in fact it is imbued in each one of my acts. Discreetly taking root in almost anything I do.

Our way of loving or hating is dynamite, sex can be an excellent system to light the wick. It is the perfect fuel to project whatever goes with it. Sex is not just sex. It becomes a surface that wraps us up and can protect our weak spots. A sex-weapon as well as a sex-shield. I don't mean with this that sex is «shallow» in this sense, it's not an army following the command of a "higher something", Basically I see it as something that digs deep roots in love and desire and that among its many manifestations this is precisely one of the most powerful, as it doesn't need words to carry it out.

I don't give a shit about love preachers and their well constructed statements to con fools, I don't give a shit about loving my neighbour or about charity or the First Commandment. «The Lord Thy God Shalt Thou Worship». What a bunch of fucking wankers! Also clever: the first thing one has to do to turn a person into a serf is to strip them of self-esteem and replace it with a load of crap that can't be touched or felt but which has a management board that we have to pay attention to (and give account to). Anybody without self esteem is a puppet. If one is not able to love him/herself above anything else, they won't be able to give love to another person or put it in the things they do either. And if they do, it will always be a substitute, like a reflection of that love to God, which in fact is just a mirror without mercury, absolute love of nothingness.

One of the worst things Catholicism has done to humankind is its “love lessons”. When I think about it deeply I can’t see where to begin my revenge. Of all the crimes the Church has committed for their own mercantile and politic benefit, the use of people’s love instinct is the most repulsive, as far as I’m concerned. To put it clear with a very simple example: a good “Samaritan”¹⁵ gives a beggar some alms. Many would say that it’s just a love gesture, but the truth is that he is paying his instalments for a ticket to heaven. That horrible, that crude. Following the wonderful habit of reaching paradise through charity, `people who have nothing are not people who have to be helped just because it wouldn’t be fair not to do so, they are utensils, systems to clean guilt and sins and, above all, to get a good place in the eternal life that follows this “valley of tears”, as they are told. The good family father who gets inside his little girl’s knickers feels purged when he fosters a child, redeemed thanks to an NGO. The businessman who kidnaps the lives of his paperless workers making them work endless shifts at factories getting paltry salaries finds his way to paradise by sponsoring a campaign to send food to Africa. The well-to-do lady who invests all her surplus inheritance in profitable businesses such as the each time more and more accurate arms industry waves a giant flag at a demonstration against abortion on which “Yes to Life” can be read. What they have achieved with this system for manipulating love is that millions of living beings who are capable of loving by nature cannot do it without the intervention of a totally unnecessary incentive. Meanness at its best, right?

And now, leaving aside religious stuff, if we stop to think in which way a theoretically lay society (always theoretically) interprets and distributes love, the result is none the less pathetic. Love par excellence is heterosexual, monogamous and at the service of reproduction. A perfect excuse to make the market flow and to mitigate the fear of “loneliness”.

The perfect plan (and also indispensable) to get the acceptance of the community: one falls in love (here begins everything); then engagement; finding a stable job, which paradoxically only allows for enjoying the loved person at weekends and summer holidays, but will help maintaining the relation in front of the family; getting married; buying a house whose mortgage will finally be paid off by one’s great-great-grandchildren, make it up with IKEA stuff seeing that it’s an exact match of the catalogue (Arian cubs included); occasionally screwing one day she gets pregnant willingly or not; the baby is born, grows up, falls in love... an so it goes, an endless spiral, a word puzzle, an attempt to eternity. It seems too simplistic seen this way, but this is how things are seen when one pops the head out of this dream bubble which looks like the pack and finds loads of hard working

¹⁵ The fourth entry of the RAE dictionary says: “said of a person who helps others unselfishly”

marriages that pay their mortgages, take the kids to school, buy stuff in instalments and happiness (or valley of tears) seems to be that for them. And the pillar of all that is love. That's what marriage is there for, to certify love, to make it legitimate, to straitjacket it with norms in order to make it digestible and steerable, to strip it of its essence and remain in the comfort of the carcass, which already has all its possible inconveniences filed down.

The pain produced by loving has been removed from love and, perhaps unintentionally, they've also removed pleasure. Love hurts and produces pleasure equally, but that, being its nucleus, is counterproductive and doesn't suit the system.

And then, love becomes a Valentine, wedding anniversaries and the weekend screw. Love is a contract signed before a judge or a religious authority; something bought or sold and it turns out to be very expensive, even more bearing in mind that the system does not include hate in any of its faces because it is politically incorrect and not civilized enough. An so it happens that people go crazy and commit stupid things such as burdening their lives with debts or kill each other to preserve that love format.

Naturally, their "love" is a love that excludes and demonises us. And perhaps that's for the best, because we can set ourselves free from its ties and don't lose anything, as we already are a bunch of nuts... Love being so institutionalised pisses me off. At least they could have institutionalised it with a bit less hypocrisy and a bit more sincerity.

That's why I say that we have poison between our legs. It drips down because we are full of genuine love and hate. If some day the enemy could grasp just a tiny bit of all this, it would be so good that it wouldn't be poisonous anymore.

Our weapons are integral part of our bodies, we don't need an industry to sponsor us and our sex, our desire and our love-hate are there to help achieve a change in things. We need to realise of the power between our legs and our free hearts. Perhaps then we can go on to action. We'll be able to "take sides and be smeared».

THE MONSTER WHORE: DIVERGENT PROSTITUTIONS AND A REFLECTION ON THE PROFESSION

«Then came one of the seven angels who had the seven bowls and spoke to me saying: Come, I will show you the judgement of the great harlot who sits in many waters; with whom the Kings of the Earth committed acts of immorality and those who

dwell on the earth were made drunk with her immorality. And he carried me in the spirit into a wilderness and I saw a woman sitting on a scarlet beast that was full of blasphemous names and it had seven heads and ten horns. The woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet and adorned with gold and jewels and pearls holding in her hand a golden cup full of abominations and the impurities of her sexual morality».

- Saint John, *Apocalypse* -

«I'd just like to say I'm sailing with the rock,
and I'll be back like Independence Day,
with Jesus June 6.

Like the movie, big mothership and all,
I'll be back, I'll be back».

- Last words of Aileen Wournos -

IN THE FIRST CHAPTER I mentioned my first deliberate transgression and said it had been basically that my sexual experiences with men had a lot of prostitution in them. But afterwards it has occurred to me that, socially, it is totally normal for a woman to accept presents from her lover as part of the seduction (or hunting, according to one's view) and possibly, if he does not give her presents, she won't open her legs so easily. Although I made it clear by consciously having sexual relations in my own interest with those who had something extra to offer, besides the shag.

We are all a bit slutty. For a start, good wives, because marriage is another form of prostitution, as Bea Espejo says or Emma Goldman used to say over a hundred years ago. Probably, the men with whom I fucked wouldn't have been object of my desire without those additives they sprinkled on the relationship and which basically were material things. I mean, most of them weren't people I would have fucked just for pleasure. A clear example is that for over twelve years I haven't done a man in a, let's say, conventional way. The only time I've had a heterosexual man in these past years has been in change of something. My PC broke down and I put up an ad in the Internet saying that I would barter potato omelettes for a PC in working order. A techie paid me a visit and told me that my PC was dead and he would give me another one, but that the omelettes weren't enough and he also wanted a massage.

Then I told him to forget massages, they're too tiring, but if he wanted to screw that was fine with me. He brought a good PC, but the truth is it broke down in one year.

I'm pretty sure they wouldn't have agreed to fuck if that contract, exchange or whatever, had been too explicit. I crack up with those machomen who say they'd never pay for a screw. They think that they are less masculine if they can't get sex without paying, that it would be in detriment of their womanizer's self esteem. They don't realise that maybe it's those external elements they pick up like magpies (elements to show off their more or less high status) which given at the right moment, like the initial "how 'bout a drink?" or the "I'll pay for this" on the first meal, they wouldn't have got their end away so often. That's seduction; all animals do it. The male has always had to give an extra incentive to coitus, as for the female, in spite of the natural incentive of the physical pleasure (if it happens, of course), the consequences of that screw are much more catastrophic. A question of survival. It pisses me off that men who fuck with prostitutes are vilified. They are the exactly the same, the only difference is the explicit contracts and the capacity of going straight to what they want, unlike womanizers.

Still, with or without a pact, I've always been quite a slut. That's why when, about nine years ago, perhaps inspired by necessity, I began thinking that I could screw for cash, I didn't think it as an uncomfortable idea or something to be ashamed of, but an enterprise I felt able to follow and also I saw myself "highly qualified". I didn't feel like going into the heterosexual men's world again (fucking with them often made me lazy), so I thought about women.

By pure logic the name "Horizontal Women" came to me one day as the beginning of a project that aimed at offering prostitution services and female escorts to women.

As usual, back then I was absolutely broke and I began to think that I had to possess some kind of virtue worth a price. The first thing I thought of was writing poetry. But I was realistic and right then I knew that it wouldn't bring in a penny and even less, the kind of money I wanted to make; easy and fast dough. Then, one afternoon, after a great fuck with someone I've forgotten, I wondered how the hell would I manage to screw when I became old and wrinkled. At that moment, the world fell on top of my head: to quit fucking, considering how much I enjoy it would be even worse than being dead. I'd kill myself, I'd wank myself to death, it'd be my end. And there, in that mixture of needing cash and that brief sex-existential crisis, the idea popped out: I want to be a women's whore.

I told myself: "Diana, you're good fucking women. You've lost some practice with men, but you've screwed over forty women in these past seven years. Besides, you've got the great virtue that you like them all, you are the perfect whore". And it's true, I'm a bit more fussy with bio-men, but I find all bio-women fuckable without exception. This doesn't mean that all women alter my blood pressure, but it's true that I can find

something beautiful in all of them and, therefore, horny. Hands, neck, breasts, any part of a body that may not have aroused me at first sight, when closely looking at it, I find elements that turn me on. And pussies... mmm, I worship cunts. After so many years eating, penetrating and grabbing them, I felt (and still feel today) as if I've got a master in pussiology.

And in the moment the project entered my mind, I saw I had something important to deliver, something that could be paid in the same way a good job is paid in any profession; an excellent fucker offering her services. That's what I believed. I've always been told I'm a good pussy eater, I've got a nice one and a pair of tits with which any imaginable thing can be done, I've got a nice arse, I know how to move, I moan like a real tart better and better each time (watching porn has had an influence on this) and no orgasm can escape my hands.

How nice was all that in my head. I saw myself leaving my miserable life in a few months from then, with loads of dough, in a home with Jacuzzi, travelling all over riding a Harley-Davidson, eating like a queen everyday, in a word, just like a sex star. Added to the fantasy of becoming the best whore for dykes in the planet, there were some conclusions regarding the market place.

I found out that there were no whores for birds, in reality the existing ones were hetero who possibly had never had a clit between their tongue and lips, and that I was about to step into a completely unexplored market here in Spain. I searched and searched for weeks, as my initial idea was to join an already set up business so as not to begin from scratch on my own; I wanted to be a member of a pick up joint or business offering women's sexual services to women. But such things didn't exist. I found an escort company in London and sent them a couple of mails enclosing photos, but their answer was that they weren't running anything in Spain, so I had go there if I wanted to work with them To take that step wasn't in my plans, especially without a penny in my pocket and half way into my degree.

Then I set to work with the eagerness of someone finding a goldmine where no one had set foot before. The name "Horizontal Women" came to me in a sort of alcoholic enlightenment thinking that, at times, the simplest things are the best marketing tools. Later I discovered that was the way whores were called in those times when people were too elegant to call "dirty" things by their name. I made up a nice ad with the following text:

«Hi, we are a group of young lesbians and we offer our sexual and escort services to women. If you are alone and want to spend a good time. If you feel like having some sex

without commitments or problems. If you are married and want to try new sensations without him, get in touch with us, you won't regret it.

We are attractive and have a good cultural level, but above all we are experienced good lovers with a good intuition when giving another woman pleasure. Dare to try us.

For more info and rates, please e-mail us at mujeres_horizontales@yahoo.es and we will reply as soon as possible.

We beg heterosexual couples or men to refrain from contacting us. Our services are only addressed to women.

Greetings and thanks,

Lubna».

Simple and discreet. With some little lie, as at the time I was tackling the project on my own. I don't know why I decided that being "a group of young lesbians" would sound more appealing than "I am a young lesbian", I guess I thought it would suggest professionalism.

I opened a mail account, took some naughty pics of myself and spread my seed around all the dyke forums I found. For three years I posted the ad almost daily, as well as the Post Op when they became part of the Project. Nice cards were made with the intention of distributing them around Barcelona's dyke premises.

It seemed like a great idea. It covered an empty niche, there was no competition. Unfortunately, I was wrong in having so much hope. The mistake was probably to think that the female market would be a goldmine as with men. It pisses me off to say such an un-queer thing, but there are great differences (most of them educational) between men and women. This experience in the sex market proved it to me as nothing had done before. My e-mail account turned into an agony aunt sort of thing and I went along with it because I was certain of the viability of the business and saw a potential clientele in each miserable woman who wrote to me to let me on her sad marriage or each bored lesbian feeling like a chat about sex in an open way. In three years I only had the scarce amount of five customers. Only one of them was great: she didn't waste my time, we went right to the point, we fucked, she gave me my money and on top of that, she came back!

In the beginning I thought the problem could be the prices so I lowered them, but that wasn't the issue at all. I hate saying it this way but most potential-women-customers needed or were looking for something other than a whore, they wanted a love story, a psychologist a "mate" (how I hate this word in this nerdy context).

Then, it also occurred to me that perhaps my looks were very restricted (back then I

was shaven headed and my manners were not those of a *femme*. In fact they never were). The great majority of pseudo-customers wanted a very “feminine and pretty” girl and my looks are nor one or the other, so I asked for the cooperation of Itzi, a super-female, Majo, a punky hell of a female and Elena/Urko, a bulldyke with style. Yet, it had nothing to do with being effeminate, hormones or hair. When starting that enterprise I didn’t take into account something as basic as the fact that dykes only fuck for love.

To top it all, my messages in the forums were replied with a disproportionate amount of comments, most of them despairing. All pseudo-feminists ganged up on me waving their flag of saviours of all the female gender. They said that I was over the top, a woman who besides exploiting herself (that was strong stuff, self-exploitation? It sounds like a terrorist bombing) and denigrate her condition to that of a whore, she was doing it for women, as trying to propagate the dirty and repulsive masculine habits to the permanently innocent and victimized females.

They treated me like scum without principles, an idiot without a goal, like someone that couldn’t be saved from her fate. For them prostitution was a synonym of slavery, exploitation and degradation and that’s it. So I was crucified, a shameless Mary Magdalene who went well beyond the limits of their stupid anti-men barricades to go to bed with whoever was able to pay... something intolerable, a pathetic girl.

Of course I gave up my attempt a few years ago, but still today, when I see that not even my job applications as a skater at the commercial centre are answered, I keep believing that perhaps it really is a good business that I couldn’t carry forward because although I’m quite a whore, I know fuck all about business.

I guess I’ll never know it.

However, the experience was profitable mainly at a personal level to realise that I had nothing to do with the Spanish dyke scene (later I’ve come to realise that it’s the same in the whole planet) because I couldn’t find any coincidences even from the sexual side, the one I considered more appropriate. For me sex has always been exactly that: sex; I’ve never felt it should go together with other things to make it more decent, more acceptable, nicer. I like it to be dirty, marginal, ungodly. I spent years cruising the scene, both in Madrid as in Barcelona, being that the easiest way of getting laid with a bird (I never enjoyed the task of going round trying to seduce heterosexual women on their ground) and because back then I thought that our common attraction for bearded clams would go together with many other things we could share. I was young and gullible and kept my faith in that for more time than I should have because at times the miracle came and I found another one, like me, out of place, with whom to share perversions and whose links

between us went beyond just screwing. But when my emotional and affective circle friends was fed by other much more nutritious lines (thanks postporn and queer movement for rescuing me, I saw the light with you) I didn't set foot on the dyke scene again except a few times. Bulldyke parties were over at last. I hated that fucking shitty music, the pink tax was visible even when leaving your coat at the cloakroom and all the birds looked like out of a gringo TV soap.

The words "I'm a lesbian" which one day I proudly announced just for pleasure, for necessity and to feel like an integral part of something, collapsed at the very moment I discovered the theories of Beatriz Preciado and met my new friends. I knew that my stuff was never going to be suitable for categories which were not only suffocating, but also were part of one of the enemy's most effective plans.

Hetero, homo, lesbo, bi... what a pain! The relief one feels when getting rid of all that shit is unbelievable.

And getting back to the prostitution subject, I'd like to try and prove something I've always felt curious about and I'm not sure to have shared it with other people just to know if I'm the only one who thinks it (a very improbable possibility).

There's a Western prototype of contemporary prostitute, an image well defined aesthetically and well known socially. This prototype wears scarce flashy clothes, provocative lingerie, high heels, small handbag, cascading long hair and plenty of makeup; socioeconomic and cultural level about low and physically attractive (at times physically destroyed).

When the hetero-standard collective imaginary represent a whore, it's never an elegant woman (although it's surprising that Isabel Preysler has become the embodiment of elegance; the loutish lot is full of paradoxes), learned, with good word skills, with ideas; they will never imagine a female worker with rights or a lady, or someone with a family. We can see it represented everywhere, in films,, in comics, in jokes, in popular culture, in novels, etc. And this prototype, in the same manner as it has some enormous disadvantages, it has the virtue of being eager to earn money, because, like everyone else, they work to make cash.

The prototype whore has the possibility of entering the market, which is where these characteristics have been generated.

All these weird ideas came to me when I was studying the theory of prototypes, a work by Eleanor Rosch¹⁶, who claims that the prototype is the member in each cognitive

¹⁶ Rosch, E.: «Human Categorization», N. Warren, N. (ed.): Studies in Cross-Cultural Psychology, Academic Press, London, 1977, pages. 1-72.

category (the categories we use to put some order in this madhouse, to make it simple) who is better recognised, the most representative. The peripheral members are around him/her and look similar, but they also have characteristics from members of other categories.

The peripheral ones are bad examples of that particular category, they make it look blurry, badly structured and difficult to analyze. Clearly, this theory is focussed on inert members of the category in question (words and other abstractions), not to living beings with the capacity for action. But when extrapolated to the human being, it would be logical to think that its prototypes will try by all means to eliminate or make the peripheral members be like the prototype. They do not only provoke headaches, but discredit the rest of the category... at that moment and given the frustration for living in total misery in spite of trying to get out of it by what I thought was an “easy way”, when I extrapolated this theory to my failure as a whore, I realised that I was absolute “periphery” and that neither the prototype elements or their customers wanted me inside their category. For plenty of reasons: I’m not prototypically pretty, my looks are specially designed to scare wankers away and attract related beings, I know my rights and if they are denied to me, I fight for them, I’ve been to university, etc.

Only once did a customer try to pick me up in the street and it was just a mistake. Chueca, Winter, I was wearing a Michelin-like down jacket waiting for a friend who worked at *Black&White*, and was about to come out. I was waiting outside and a mature man asked me: “how much?” I didn’t know what to answer. I started giggling and told him that I didn’t have what he was searching for. My shaved head and my boyish face had misled him to believe that I was a rent boy... perhaps I’m closer to the male prostitute prototype than to a whore’s.

When someone like me sets her mind to do something that after several attempts hasn’t led to success, she wracks her brains until she finds the reasons for the failure. So, leaving aside the fact that I’ve never been too wise on money affairs, the one other evidence I’ve found without too much brain wracking is that I’m not only far away from the whore prototype, but also I’m not even a prototype of the peripheral whore. I’m a monster. I scare the shit out of potential customers. And, as a monster I remained for a time with the idea of trying it again some day.

The day arrived when I thought that I should try to sell precisely that. Ninety per cent of the population would see me as a monster whore, but for the remaining ten per cent I would be a queer whore, more suitable to their tastes, a jewel, a hard to find curiosity, a morbid fuckable piece from Horror Circus, a true bitch. Prototypes are there to be contaminated, blurred in the myriads of undefined elements.

I made my mind up not to live in this boring cage with so many categories which is the world. And so, as a non prototypical, divergent and insurgent form of prostitution *Perrxs Horizontales* was born ¹⁷. It had nothing to do with *Mujeres Horizontales* because it was built on the experience that failure brings. My motivations to begin the project were not to leave poverty behind, as I'm totally used to it, but to offer the chance of a different sort of thing to whoever was willing to accept it. In order to do that, I obviously left the other "women for women" project aside. It made no sense now and I introduced the idea to the circle of bitches around me. Let's say that it was a "queer prostitution" project, to give it a name. Certainly, the diversity of genders of the people taking part made it much more fun. The range of services we offered was also expanded: from a safari around Barcelona's cruising parks after dark to special services for deaf-mute people and those with functional diversity issues, flashing, atypical BDSM practices, sex toys experiments, etc. Our bodies would make the works of any type of prototypical prostitution creak. To put it simple: if the way we are and the things we do turn us on, it's only logical that it may turn other people on too. And we sell or barter the pleasure we have there to offer and which is not easily found in the conventional sexual markets.

There are some ignorants who believe that we, the people with out-of-the-norm bodies and beauties not to be seen in fashion magazines, are just a bunch of embittered beings who are pissed off because we don't fit into their perfect structure doing these things because we can't do anything else. Blind as they are, they don't realise that their marriages, families, their Saturday shag, Sunday prayers, mortgages, their full time jobs and their happiness submitted to the laws of the flock makes us sick in the same way that what we do makes them sick. They don't realise that if we are not with them is for our political and moral will, because we don't want to give up our freedom or submit to their norms and not because they have banned us with their "right of admission" nonsense. Any of those who took part in *Perrxs Horizontales* could very well turn into that prototype of prostitute categorised by society (makeup, surgery, wigs...after all to turn oneself into a whore or a rent boy is not so hard to do), but we couldn't care less. We offered a dissident prostitution and we didn't care anymore whether it was effective or not. We weren't there to do business, but to make the difference. We weren't scared by pseudo feminists coming up with their victim's lamentations. We know they aren't right and have lost their way. In regards to this, there's a paragraph in King Kong Theory I must enclose:

"Therefore, conclusions on the sex market as a whole are drawn starting from unacceptable

¹⁷ See note 82

images of a kind of prostitution practised in filthy conditions,. It's as appropriate as talking about textile work showing just images of children working without a contract in dirty basements".¹⁸

Beti Wet, one of the bitches, was telling me one day that a friend of hers works as carer at a centre for people with functional diversities. This well intentioned boy used to take whores to the residents. The experiences were mostly traumatic.

When I asked Virginie Despentès about her opinion on the *Perrxs Horizontales* project she was direct: "it's impossible for you to get money that way". She, an experienced whore, knew very well where the cash was and told me: "you lot scare the ones with money and turn on those who are penniless". Right she was, people with money to spend on whores wouldn't spend it on a bird with a mohican, tattoos on her head and looking like a member of Lorena Bobbit's club. And the people who would be glad to have a screw with me are so much like me that we are also similar in being broke. which can be very sexy, but doesn't allow for too many luxuries. Both the male and the female potential customers look for a nice young lady and I've never been that sort of thing. She told me that I would have to wear a wig, makeup, a mini skirt and nice stilettos. I definitely was willing to do that, but that very same day, Beatriz Preciado pointed out to me that what we *Perrxs Horizontales* did was deeply artistic, politic and necessary: a different form of prostitution that offered bodies and practices out of the norm, although money was out of the question.

Then I considered why I was doing that and thought that the main motivation was cash and yet I wouldn't know up to which point was I willing to sacrifice the political contents of the project on behalf of it being more commercial and sellable. That was precisely the most appealing part of it, the one that turns me on most. Honestly, to wear drags and go out into the street searching for customers wasn't appealing at all and I'd rather not eat for a week than do that. Perhaps that's the reason why those who are able to do it, like my friend Verónica Arauzo,¹⁹ immediately become heroines in my eyes. I believe that to do what she does, like millions of women who prostitute themselves like that, and extraordinary and a capacity of overcoming fear of abuse is necessary. And I lack all that.

And, what about non prototypical whores? Those who dynamite the collective imaginary of society and in which I include myself? Well, we scare people away and no one would think of giving us a voice because they know that what we have to say is much more than what they expected that we could (or should) say. A learned whore? A whore with a political conscience, a whore with revolutionary ideas, a guerrilla whore?

¹⁸ Op. Cit. Page. 91.

¹⁹ See note 24.

No way! As Itziar Ziga said in her article en su artículo *Why do we whores shout?*²⁰, when society talks about prostitution, whores are never invited to the talk. For this reason and because I always trust in that which produces a rush on the system's skin is exactly what the system needs in order to be modified or destroyed, the future of prostitution is handled by peripheral whores that create shortcuts in their category, that break it apart in order to build it on fairer, more humane and better foundations.

This is the future I imagine. It will be beautiful and it will be unstoppable.

Postscript (post mortem)

I don't want to end this chapter without mentioning two members of my personal shrine of heroines: Aileen Wuornos²¹ and Gema, the first whore I met.

There are many stories in the world like Aileen's. A girl goes into the prostitution business at thirteen because to fuck is the only thing she's learnt (thanks to a granddad who didn't know any fairy tales). Probably, a high percentage of women have been fucked when they were infants (be it by their fathers, brothers, class mates). Not all of them go nuts and end up being serial killers. Aileen did go nuts. And it wasn't self defence or because they were nasty to her. It was simply because she wanted to kill them all, get rid of all of them, not one more bastard dropping his pants and handing her his fucking twenty bucks.

She got pregnant at fourteen. Nobody knows which one of all the town kids she fucked for cash was the father. After giving birth and give the baby in adoption, nobody wanted her and went to live in a forest for two years; alone, dead cold.

Afterwards, she went to Florida doing the road and married an old geezer just to squeeze his money out, but the old man sniffed the game and divorced her.

Then she met Kyla, the slut who reported her to the police in the most despicable and repulsive way, the slut she was deeply in love with. I think that if I could travel in time, just one trip, I would go back to the late eighties, to the bar where she met Kyla and replace her. Sometimes I have felt a strong desire to embrace her, to cover her in kisses, to lick her cunt dry, to give her love, to kill for her, to be part of her madness, her alcoholism, to be possessed by her jealousy...

It is said that this is what happens when one falls in love. Perhaps I'm in love with her image, but I know that there are thousands of women like her who are not dead (yet)

²⁰ http://www.arteleku.net/zehar/wp-content/uploads/2009/01/ziga_es.pdf

²¹ Aileen Carol Wuornos (1956-2002) was one of the first serialkillers in the history of the USA. She was also a prostitute.

and when I think in the events that have led them to be there, an unexplainable energy comes out from my body. A mixture of rage and pain that charges me with the strength to keep screwing within my possibilities the cursed enemy, their enemy, mine, of all us.

Gema also did the street, besides hustling with small coke deals. She had a ten year old girl (I was sixteen at the time) and she loved her but completely ignored her. I used to stay the night at her place many times, waiting for her to come back with the images of some customer cutting her throat at that very moment and feeling a great relief when hearing the door unlocking. I ran a hot bath for her and gave her a massage. Then we went to bed and she jumped on top of me. She only let me fuck her a few times, she used to say that opening her legs wasn't fun anymore. It wasn't frustrating; the truth is Gema fucked me like no other and all she wanted in return was to be embraced, kisses and loved.

The last time I saw her half of her teeth were missing. The woman, fifty per cent Madonna and fifty Sharon stone, that she was when I met her had vanished, she was hooked on the horse and hardly remembered me. Probably she's dead by now.

Aileen is also dead, killed by the system. I've cried for her sometimes. There's a lot of material about her life; from the flick *Monster* (which as far as I'm concerned is just more of the old Hollywoodian blood and guts stuff) to a couple of documentaries of which I hold a better pinion.

I wish her last words became true and she comes back like a Messiah in a great mothership.

TRANSFEMINISM: A FEMINISM THAT INCLUDES ME (AT LAST)

«Some evil women, who have taken sides with Satan, seduced by the illusions and the ghosts of the devils, believe and profess that in the night they ride along with Diana, the goddess of the pagans and that a numberless multitude of women on the back of certain animals travel long distances on the Earth at night following the orders of their lady and that some nights, their lady summons them to her service...».

- Quoted by the Abbot Regino de Prüm in the 10th Century, belonging to a

THOSE OF US WHO WERE BORN AFTER 1980 have naturally skipped some of the feminism's evolution phases. And there are certain phases, mainly the most unpleasant, through which many a feminist (mature or young) have not gone. We cannot get stuck in the past like our predecessors. That past is only ours because we benefit from the results of the struggles that happened back then

To me, feminism was always something inherent to my freedom, I never meant to call myself a feminist until the crowd from Medeak²³, during the Porno-Punk feminism conference at Arteleku²⁴, told me that what I was doing was both very political and feminist. Naturally, at the beginning, I sort of took their words with a pinch of scepticism. Long before I had already reached the conclusion that political struggle was not in my agenda and if I were to do something, it would be kind of spontaneous from my side. Basically because that would imply to join a group and I've never been eager to be a part of one. I prefer to do things on my own as, to tell the truth, all doctrines seem to me like jails. And when I decide to do something it's because I fucking feel like doing it and it turns out that ultimately it's political, although I don't think it is the most important thing and no way that's the reason that leads me to do it.

But finally, it turned out that what I fucking feel like doing not considering who likes it and who doesn't is deeply political and if on top of that these actions bugger certain social sectors (see patriarchs, macho-men and well-to-do-ladies) one is a feminist in addition...

It is also said that everything is political. But I don't know, I'm a libertarian and an atheist, I don't know any other doctrine than the one dictated by my own will or any other religion than my hormone's and my menstrual cycles, lord and rulers of my behaviour.

It may sound somehow superficial, in fact I'm not quite sure how to say it, but the thing is that I don't give a shit about politics. It seems to me like the wrapping that (apparently) all struggles ultimately need and in my case, when I consider that something is

²² McCabe, J.: Brief history of Satanism, Melusina, Barcelona, 2009, page. 56

²³ Medeak is a transfeminist Group from Euskadi made up of Nagore Iturrioz, Kattalin Perez Miner, Aurora Iturrioz, Ana Txurruka and Iturrioz (Josebe) Iturrioz. It is a multi-labelled radical group:bulldykes, transexuals, feminists, transvestites, insurgent, taletellers, queers, de-generates, pervert and, of course, militants/activists. More info at: <http://medeak.blogspot.com/>

²⁴ See note 58.

not fair, I rather take the street and shout out my disagreement than sit in my sofa to philosophize on how things are or should be. I admit I'm rather brutish, but political affairs have never been appealing to me, *c'est la vie!*

I can also sit in my sofa and ponder over the situations I believe to be despicable, write about the enemy and let my rage flow into a poem, but that's just part of the germination process which later I'll take outside turned into actions. I believe my ideas to be more on the warring than the political side. Surely I could do with some notions on strategy, methods, diplomacy, ways of deceiving the system to bring it to my side, to make a benefit from it. Still, probably I wouldn't be who I am if I could do those things.

The first time I had to admit that what I do is political was relatively late and I was almost forced into admitting it. It took me even more to admit that it is also feminist, as I had several disagreements with those who called themselves feminists. Quoted below are some examples.

A few years ago on March 8th, I attended the Working Woman's Day demonstration in Barcelona. There I stood with my fabulous Yasmin (partner/dominatrix for two odd years) who had me in a collar and at some stretches of the demonstration I crawled on all fours with a sign saying: "submissive by calling, whore as a profession". It was a reaction provoked by the uncomfortable feeling I felt the previous year when a group of women shouted (through the megaphone) the slogan "no whore, no submissive". It wasn't the first time I'd heard it but it was the first time I realised of the tentacles that the meaning of such a slogan had. I think it improper even at a rightwing feminist's demonstration (if they exist). I know that slogan was made up as a direct answer to male chauvinism, which believes that if a woman is not submissive, she's just a whore and vice-versa. Also, the way they want us in the two possible versions: one submissive as wife and one as lover/whore. But the truth is that given that whores are the worst treated workers by the system, my opinion is that it is highly unfair that at a demonstration for working women, some of them keep shouting that they are not whores when in reality all of us, even the ones who have never worked as such, should call ourselves whores to support their voices and their struggle, so they don't feel that they are alone or that the rest of women have ignored or alienated them as workers only because in ninety-nine percent of the cases men are who benefit from their "favours".

Slogans like "no whore, no submissive" are a clear external evidence that within certain type of feminism, women who, like us decide to put their sex on sale voluntarily or enjoy being beaten and dominated, do not deserve any kind of respect.

My sign was looked at with horror and they watched stupefied my submissive bitch

attitude, a few of them questioned me somewhat violently to explain the reason for my contempt and others just smiled.

There was very little to explain really, it's obvious that prostitution, slavery, BDSM or abuse have nothing to do with each other. It's enough to go into that world a little to see it. What bugs pseudo-feminists and feminine sadomasochism deeply is the possibility that a woman wishes to be beaten. They don't see that free will and a pact make the change in this matter. There's a stupid blindness that only serves to make a possible alliance unfeasible.

At least I don't deceive myself: I know that my intense need to create scandal, the satisfaction I get from annoying and my great urge to destroy all that I despise or doesn't suit me are more like a product of my excessive exhibitionism and my rage than any political beliefs.

In fact, I always thought that to declare myself a feminist or consider that my artistic (or political) work is feminist was a source of contradictions, because what I do on stage may very well contradict feminism, bearing in mind that what I do contradicts itself constantly.

However, I have recently discovered that perhaps there is a faction of feminism that could shelter me with my crap and my virtues, like a wayward, dirty, bitchy, masochist, punk, non-conformist daughter. And all that without the need to trim my own wings, without censorship and not making me feel bad: transfeminism. That's feminism's future and whoever doesn't want to see it will be blinded by the great truths that shine within these mighty ideas. Those who don't want to understand that ideas are mutating like people, better sit comfortably in a rocking chair to gather dust and leave us alone.

The manifest for transfeminist insurrection I obviously hold on to goes as follows.

"We make a call to transfeminist insurrection: we come from radical feminism, we are the dykes, the whores, trans, immigrants, blacks, the hetero-dissidents.

We are the rage of the feminist revolution and we want to show our teeth, come out from the gender offices and correct politics. We want our desire to guide us by being politically incorrect, by being a nuisance, by re-thinking and by giving a new meaning to our mutations. It is just not enough by being only a woman. The political subject of "woman" has become too small for us, it's excluding by itself, it leaves out dykes, trans, whores, the ones with the veil, those who earn little and do not enrol into university, or the ones that shout, or the ones without documents, the queer ones... let's dynamite the gender-sex tandem as a political practice. Let's follow the road we took, "one is not born a

woman, one makes herself a woman”, let’s keep on unmasking the power structure, division and hierarchical structures. If we don’t learn that the man/woman difference is a cultural product from the hierarchical structure that oppresses us we shall reinforce this structure and the borders between man and woman. All people produce gender, let’s produce freedom. Let’s discuss with numberless genders; we want reinvention from desire, we shall struggle for the rule of our bodies in front of any totalitarian regime. Or bodies belong to us! And aslo their limits, mutations, colours and transactions. We don’t need protection over the decisions we take on our bodies, we transmute into another gender, we are what we feel like being; transvestites, bulldykes, super-fem, butches, whores, trans, we wear veils and speak Wolof. We are a net, a raging pack.

We call for insurrection to take the streets, blogs, disobedience, not having to ask permission, to create alliances and our own structures; let’s not defend ourselves, let’s make them scared of us! We are a reality, we operate in different cities and contexts, we are connected, we have common objectives and there’s no shutting us up anymore. Feminism will be trans-border, transforming, transgender or won’t be anything at all. Feminism will be trans-feminism or won’t be anything at all”.

The Barcelona Transfeminist Conference took place in April, 2010. It was an event focussed mainly on defining the bases of Transfeminism: two days of meetings, talks, proposals, discussions... after these two days, I still couldn’t make out what it was, but I was certain on what it couldn’t be at all. The text below was my intervention. It was titled “Ethical and Coherent Transfeminism” and I think it shows my feelings on the subject well enough:

“I speak with a broken voice that needs to be recomposed from a place stronger than the one before, or at least more genuine, less treacherous, less slippery.

I have the feeling that transfeminism, just to give it a name, is bound to be something great, something important.

I have the feeling that this is it and that scares and reassures me equally.

It scares me because I know perfectly how it won’t be:

It won’t happen with people who don’t know the difference between a project and business.

It won’t happen with those who censor pornography.

It won’t happen with those who victimize prostitution and dangerously take it for slavery putting obstacles in the lives of the people who work to live better.

It won't happen with those who shout *no whore, no submissive*,
Or with those who think that SM is aberrant and does not deserve respect.
Or with those who are offended by exuberance and boldness.
Or with those who in spite of having a pussy perform the Iberian macho-man
retaining the worst of it.

It won't happen with those who don't know that being queer is not a fashion or with
those who knowing what that implies choose to remain forever within the categories we
want to destroy.

Or with people without ethics or political conscience.
Or with people who don't sleep peacefully at night.
Or with mummies, or despots, or traders or leeches or swindlers or aggressors or
shitty pseudo-feminists.

I am completely aware that in spite of the obstacles we are a powerful resistance
force with reasons and arguments to know precisely how to uncover any lies.

Because we want to change things although it itches and it's hard.

Because we are the bastards from a past that could not imagine a future like the one
we have.

And we are many and are not scared of being wrong or right.

And in this tactical space we have to avoid self-complacency and approach self-
criticism in an honest way.

We should assemble a solid and resilient structure. Monstrous, subversive, but
never a hermetic or sectarian structure.

It's fine to make them afraid of us (if this comes out alright they'll be pretty scared)
but we need to be sensitive enough to realise who and what we fight against, to be
responsible for what we produce outwards and also to be able to seduce (and not scare
away) new alliances.

Packs, but not sects.

We need to know how to protect ourselves from threats that may come camouflaged, the
enemy does not always approach us brandishing the sword, sometimes it comes close with
its tongue out ready to lick our arses.

Pseudo-feminists and experts in "cool" trends call queer anything they do so as not
to sound antiquated and anchored in the speech on women, the speech on lesbians, to
soften criticism, not to stay in their caverns to create a shed at the expense of our dreams.

But they have not assumed what queer means and implies. They don't care, it's not
their cup of tea, in fact, it bothers them deeply.

Queer means that go on talking about women is irrelevant, although more than a subject, this is luckily more an abstraction by now.

Queer means that categories such as poofster-hetero-lesbian make no sense either and besides are contradictory and counterproductive. There are so many poofsters in the world, so many dykes so many trans... and from all of them we are at the most a scarce minority of about 5%. A minority within another minority that would prefer to erase our existence.

Even though only as a strategy, let's not talk in the name of so many people that not only have nothing to do with us, but who also are against us.

Most poofsters and dykes in the western world, Europe USA, are whites, urban.. they want to be normal and be tolerated, pay their ghetto pink tax religiously, get married, make up families and see their children taking communion.

We want to stop being called by their names.
We have our own; trans-feminist, queers, hackers, whores, immigrants, vermin, guerrilla, rent-boys, zero-euros, pirates, saboteurs, misshapen, monsters, wolves, bitches, rogues.

From my humble perspective, I believe that if a new, strong and different movement has to be born, it shouldn't let itself be guided by criteria as stupid as who we fuck with or what is between our legs.

I find it a lot more interesting and rewarding to know if behind our acts there's ethics, a really political conscience, a responsibility.

And this conscience, in the transfeminist movement I imagine, the intention that other people stop deciding on our bodies and sexualities is born sheltered precisely by those absurd categories we have to get rid of with honesty in order to be able to supply the fortress with arms.

Both in Europe and in the USA, the queer thing ended up being an excuse for party-goers to wear wigs, bespangle themselves and fuck with everybody, get cash -because wherever it says queer at the door, there's always people ready to pay the entrance- and that's all.

It all started with a progressive trivialization of ideas.

The same thing is going to happen here if we do nothing to stop it. I will defend queerness, I will defend Transfeminism and I will defend with all my energy all the people who come aboard on this adventure. I've got the urge, I've got the strength and I'm not afraid of the future, because somehow I know it's ours".

After that, the conferences *Jornadas de Disidencia Sexual de Castellón*²⁵ and Sevilla's Transfeminist²⁶ took place to keep discussing what's all this about and countless disagreements arose. I believe there's too much fear of losing status as well as a terrible insecurity before a movement that looks so wild and warring. I think that many are not ready for a real fight and a radical change in feminism.

And I also believe that thanks to its capacity to dismantle so many structures and destroy as many, Transfeminism is severely threatened from many fronts, and a great deal of them are inside..

It was said that there can be many transfeminisms and all are valid... I then thought it was bound to be a bedlam, with no push, where everyone claimed whatever they feel like even if it's not coherent with the manifest they undersigned. It looked as though they hadn't read it or truly made it theirs.

I believe that to claim something like that would clog up the works. We have to reach an agreement on certain basic ideas so as to make a collective transfeminist identity become real and from there, set out for the fight. In my opinion, those basic things are few and simple: Transfeminism is the struggle of the *trans* identities to stop them from being a pathology; Transfeminism is the struggle of the prostitutes; Transfeminism is queer and rejects de man/woman binomial and Transfeminism is an enemy of those stale feminist politics (those that want to ban prostitution, that are not pro-sex, that condemn pornography, that prefer "men-free" spaces, etc.) because it owes nothing to them: just a few odd things, right?

I would add that Transfeminism has a precarious base because we, the ones that fight from the gutter, find it really difficult to escape get out of it. Very possibly, the day Transfeminism becomes institutionalized (many want it), it will cease to exist. And I would also say that Transfeminism is the struggle of all of us who work on post-pornography and sexuality, although this matter wouldn't be so important.

It has also been said that "we are all on the same boat" and I say "fuck you!" We are sailing on air mattresses, on a small dinghy, on rafts or just swimming and we have to set a common direction to reach any coast. That's the only way in which I could finally understand a multiple Transfeminism. Otherwise, the big boat sinks due to a couple of libertines and we all piss off.

I don't quite know what will happen, I just know that I believe I've found a feminist political/warlike spot from where to fight and no-fucking-body is going to move me out

²⁵ 102<http://desobedienciasexual.blogspot.com>

²⁶ 103http://ayp.unia.es/index.php?option=com_content&task=view&id=636&Itemid=91

from here.

I AM NOT ALONE: OTHER PORNOTERRORISMS

“We must be strong. We need to get all together”

- Manuela Trasobares -

PORNOTERRORISM IS NOT AN INVENTION or a concept or a trend or a style or a mask or something created. it's a countable simple abstract common noun and pornoterrorist is a qualifying adjective that can be made into a noun. They are nobody's property, it's just language. That's why I think that although I have been the person who has consciously taken the name to call what I do, it's not only mine because fortunately, the world could be full of pornoterrorists.

from the boy wanking on the beach and ourages ladies to the shameless slut leaning on the corner of a crowded road instead of hiding in back alleys.

And before and after me there were and will be people whose artistic, political or intellectual activities could be classified as pornoterrorists.

along the past years I have met some of these people who, almost like a miracle (because pornoterrorists are scarce) crossed my path to, one way or another, stay permanently in my life. some are close people, bitch friends, lovers, brothers and sisters. Others are people I admire from the distance for their task and work.

I consider that writing a book on pornoterrorism and go through all these lines not mentioning all these people would be unfair and dishonest, because I have taken from

them more of the influence and inspiration that could be seen at first sight. I won't take too long on the description of the people I am going to quote, but just a brief information on them.

It may be the case that some of these people don't consider themselves as pornoterrorists, because, as I say, it's just an adjective but if I have decided to include them at this point is because they, directly or indirectly, work or used to work on sexuality in a subversive and guerrilla way and I believe that makes them deserve the mention.

I also may forget many names, because the way I have to get and channel what comes from outside it's always very chaotic and not very methodic and the pages and blogs I quote may cease to exist one day and the print of this book will survive the Internet.

The following list of links could very well be understood as a glossary of Pornoterrorism, but for me it's much more than that, as many of the people mentioned in it have inspired and guided me, given me the strength or enlightened my path and they still do.

Annie Sprinkle (USA). Tags: porn, postporn, performance, trans, ecosexuality, prostitution, feminism, queer, activism.

Read: *Post-porn modernist: my 25 years as a multi-media whore*.

See: *Her story of porn* and *Les/Linda&Annie: A transexual love story*.

www.anniesprinkle.org

www.loveartlab.org

Ron Athey (USA, UK). Tags: performance, bodyart, hardcore, BDSM, queer, masculinities.

Read: *Pledging the blood*.

See: *Solar Anus*, *Saint Sebastian* and *Self-Obliteration*.

www.ronathey.com

Wendy O. Williams (USA). Tags: punk, music, porn, fierce femininity.

Listen: *Plasmatics*.

See: *Wendy O. Williams* and *The Plasmatics: The DVD – Ten Years of Revolutionary Rock and Roll*.

www.wendyowilliams.com

Lydia Lunch (USA). Tags: punk, performance, *spoken word*, porn, fierce femininity.

Listen: *Teenage Jesus & The Jerks*, *Big Sexy Noise*.

Read: *Paradoxia*.

See: Her flicks with Richard Kern.

www.lydia-lunch.org

GG Allin (USA). Tags: punk, music, performance, *hardcore*.

<http://www.ggallin.com/>

Virginie Despentes (France). Tags: punk, literature, cinema, feminism, prostitution, fierce femininity.

See: *Baise Moi* and *Mutants: Porn punk feminism*.

Read: *King Kong Theory*, *Wise Bitches*, *Fuck me* and *The real good thing*.

Beatriz Preciado (Spain, France). Tags: literature, philosophy, masculinities, trans, feminism, queer.

Read: *Testo Yonki* and *Manifiesto Contrasexual*.

Itziar Ziga (Navarra, Barcelona). Tags: literature, journalism, fierce femininity, prostitution, feminism, activism.

Read: *Devenir perra*, *Un zulo propio*, *Sexual Herria*, *Malditas*.

<http://hastalalimusinasiempre.blogspot.com>

Helen Torres (Argentina, Barcelona). Tags: literature, activism, fierce femininity, feminism.

Read: *Autopsia de una langosta*.

<http://helenlafloresta.blogspot.com>

Idea Destroying Muros / Video Arms Idea (Italy, Valencia). Tags: videoart, performance, installations, direct action, fierce femininity, feminism, hardcore, postporn, trans, prostitution, queer, technology, activism.

www.ideadestroyingmuros.info/

<http://ideadestroyingmuros.blogspot.com/>

Post Op (Barcelona, Galicia, Euskal Herria, León). Tags: performance, photography, videoart, direct action, postporn, trans, fierce femininity, prostitution, dragking, masculinities, feminism, queer, activism.

www.postop.es

o.r.g.i.a. (Valencia). Tags: feminism, postporn, queer, performance, literature, photography, videoart, installations, activism.

<http://besameelintro.blogspot.com/>

Congelada de Uva (Mexico). Tags: performance, feminism, postporn, porn, activism, direct action, fierce femininity.

<http://www.rocioboliver.com/>

Klau Kinky (Chile, Barcelona). Tags: activism, free software, technology, queer, feminism, postporn.

<http://mutangerlab.wordpress.com/>

<http://anarchagland.tumblr.com/>

La Quimera Rosa (Argentina, France, Barcelona). Tags: performance, fotography, videoart, trans, postporn, direct action, feminism, queer, dragking, activism, surrealism.

<http://laquimerarosa.blogspot.com/>

Go Fist Foundation (Euskal Herria, Czech Republic, Barcelona). Tags: performance, direct action, trans, anarchism, hardcore, postporn, feminism, dragking, queer, prostitution, punk, activism.

<http://gofistfoundation.pimienta.org>

Medeak (Euskal Herria). Tags: feminism, activism, direct action, dragking, trans, queer, postporn.

<http://medeak.blogspot.com>

María Llopis (Castellón, Barcelona). Tags: literature, postporn, porn, queer, activism, feminism, subversive maternities.

Read: *El postporno era eso*.

<http://mariallopidesnuda.com/>

www.girlswholikeporno.com

Jaime del Val (Madrid). Tags: performance, philosophy, trans, prostitution, music, feminism, postporn, queer, technology, activism.

www.reverso.org

Angélica Liddell (Catalonia, Madrid). Tags: theatre, literature, poetry, performance, bodyart.

http://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/Angélica_Liddell

Graham Bell Tornado (Scotland, Valencia). Tags: performance, music, video, feminism, fierce feminity, activism, queer, postporn, surrealism.

<http://houseofbent.blogspot.com>

Francesco Macarone aka War Bear (Roma, Berlín). Tags: performance, philosophy, music, postporn, feminism, queer, BDSM, masculinities, activism.

See: *Anus is an open scar*.

<http://warbear.org/>

Shu Lea Cheang (Taiwan, Tokio, New York, Paris). Tags: cinema, videoart, installations, postporn, feminism, trans, queer, technology.

See: IKU

<http://shulea.worldofprojects.info/>

Bea Espejo (Barcelona). Tags: literature, prostitution, trans, feminism, activism.

Read: *Manifiesto Puta*.

Javier Amilibia (Barcelona). Tags: poetry, philosophy.

<http://raroprivilegionacerhumano.wordpress.com>

Pia Covre (Italy). Tags: literature, prostitution, feminism, activism, direct action.

www.lucciole.org

Richard Kern (USA). Tags: cinema, photography, porn, music.

See: *The right side of my brain, You killed me first and Fingered.*

www.richardkern.com

Bruce Labruce (Canada). Tags: cinema, photography, porn, postporn, queer.

See: *Raspberry Reich, Super 8 ½, My Hustler white, No skin off my ass.*

www.brucelabruce.com

Del Lagrace Volcano (USA). Tags: photography, cinema, installations, trans, dragking, fierce femininity, masculinities, queer, activism, feminism, postporn.

See: *Sublime mutations, Sex Works.*

www.dellagracevolcano.com

Marianíssima (Portugal, Barcelona, London). Tags: photography, videoart, installations, fierce femininity, feminism, queer, postporn.

<http://marianissimaairlines.com/>

Lucía Egaña Rojas (Chile, Barcelona). Tags: videoart, collage, trash, postporn, porn, feminism, activism.

See: *Mi sexualidad es una creación artística.*

www.lucysombra.org

Pedro Castro aka Strangel Freak (Portugal, Barcelona). Tags: photography, masculinities, queer, activism, feminism, trans, postporn.

<http://strangelfreak.blogspot.com/>

TokioSS (Asturias, Barcelona). Tags: leather crafts, BDSM, performance, music, postporn, queer, activism, direct action, trans.

www.tokioSS.net

Ana Elena Pena (Murcia, Valencia). Tags: painting, performance, music, literature, feminism, postporn.

Read: *Hago pompas con saliva.*

<http://anaelenapena.blogspot.com/>

Tim Stüttgen (Berlin). Tags: literature, performance, activism, queer, feminism, fierce femininity, masculinities, postporn, trans.

Read: *PostPornPolitics.*

OlgaZmick (France, Barcelona). Tags: photography, queer, postporn.

<http://fotologue.jp/olgaz>

Rodrigo Van Zeller (Portugal, Barcelona). Tags: fotografia, queer, postporn, activism, feminism, performance.

www.rodrigovanzeller.com

Sonia Gómez (Barcelona) Tags: theatre, dance, performance, feminism, prostitution.

www.ciasoniagomez.blogspot.com

Tejal Shah (India). Tags: fotografia, video, queer, postporn, feminism, activism.

<http://tejalshah.in>

Franco B (Italy). Tags: performance, installations, bodyart, hard-core, queer, masculinities.

See: *I still love and I'm thinking of you*.

www.franco-b.com

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<http://www.lafulminante.com/>

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Constanza Álvarez (Chile). Tags: feminism, postporn, performance, literature, activism, queer.

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Alfil (Barcelona). Tags: photography, video, BDSM, shibari.

[Www.afil-barcelona.blogspot.com](http://www.afil-barcelona.blogspot.com)

Antonio Graell (Madrid). Tags: photography, BDSM.

www.graell.com

POESÍA PORNOTERRORISTA Y OTROS DESVARÍOS

«A veces animal vibrante de músculo ciego;
Siempre razón, asesina de todos los presentes,
siempre amiga de lo que aún no es,
que intuye y destruye
lo que es por ser precisamente ajeno
a lo recreado, lo salvador, lo soñado.
Maldito sea lo soñado.
Pongo nombres a lo terrible y
lo terrible nombra al ser humano
“querido hermano siamés combustible”.
Nombres voraces con prisa exponencial,
sin culpa, nos devoran.
Antes que lleguen los nombres
ya podemos devorarnos como antaño
pero ahora con miedo. Con la estupidez
del que teme lo que sabe.
La velocidad encubre la devastación
y le da su fundamento.
Nos quedan dos telediarios.
Maldito sea lo soñado».
- Javier Amilibia -

Tremendo amanecer
cago ascuas de carbón.

caen al inodoro como chistes
de volcán.
tsssss tsssss
es porque estoy en erupción
y no me abraso.
dentro incluso hasta hace frío.
soy un hielo que estalla en llamas,
sin derretirse.
quiero incendiar el mundo:
un tremendo amanecer.
los contratos del enemigo,
su Historia mal contada,
sus diagnósticos clínicos,
sus sentencias de muerte,
sus libros de salmos,
sus manuales de buenas costumbres,
sus tratados de política...
quiero derramarme en lava sobre ellos.
papeles pulverizados hasta
desaparecer por completo.
sin instrucciones no sabrán
cómo vencernos
mi orgasmo apocalíptico se desparrama.
todo es fuego, ceniza, amanecer.
me corro sobre ti, mundo,
para odiarte mejor.

Transfrontera

Mi carne, mi sangre, mi piel, mi reino.
Donde yo mando, donde yo decido.
Salgo de una expectativa preferida,
camino sobre la tapia de vuestra frontera repugnante
y con paso de gigante entro en vuestras clínicas, vuestros

dispensarios, vuestras escuelas, vuestros quirófanos.

Entro en vuestras bibliotecas y engullo uno a uno
todos los manuales que utilizáis para darle nombre
a mis emociones.

Mi piel, mi carne, mi sangre, mi templo.

Donde oran las profanas, las desahuciadas de la fe,
las perversas y las anormales.

Atraco vuestras farmacias a punta de pistola
e ingiero vuestras soluciones para locos.

Lo que nunca sabréis es que esto que hago
lo hago sin creer en vuestro discurso,
sin confiar en el futuro que me deparan vuestras predicciones,
sin dejaros conocerme.

Mi coño, mi polla, mis orificios todos, mi orgasmo:
donde he construido un monumento al deseo que siempre
está lubricado.

Entreno hormonas como si fueran soldaditos,
los preparo para asaltar vuestros palacios del amor mojigato,
y rescatar a vuestros cachorros mutilados en nombre
del bienestar.

Soy una actriz de vuestro drama y lo he convertido
en comedia,
queríais que fuera caperucita y le cambié el guión al lobo,
que también estaba hasta la polla.

Atravieso las fronteras de vuestras propias neurosis,
y me instalo justo ahí donde quiero estar,
donde luzco como un molesto insecto mutante
al que no podréis matar.

Mi cuerpo, mi cuerpo, mi cuerpo.

Donde yo mando, ¡cabrones!

Pecados

He recorrido con mis patas de cierva
todos los caminos del pecado.

Estuve chapoteando en los charcos
de la Lujuria y no me ahogué.

Devoré todos los manjares que la Gula
me ofreció hasta saciarme y
no perdí el sentido.

Negocié con la avaricia alguna forma
de dejar de desearlo todo y
volví con los bolsillos vacíos.

A la Ira la contraté para
mis luchas personales y

cuando me noto sin fuerzas, voy a ella
a llenarme el depósito.

A la Envidia la encontré en un club
de alterne, era todo lo que no soy
y quisiera ser: asesina, demente, despiadada,
la más puta de todas,
toda una mártir a la que venero
dos veces al año.

Nací con la Soberbia puesta en las venas y
nuestra relación se limita a
menstruaciones y ciclos hormonales;
si se le suben los humos siempre
alguna perra los apaga con sus fluidos, y
si la noto ausente, me miro en el espejo.

Al funeral de la Pereza fui,
hace un par de semanas.

Ahora se me aparece por las noches,
cruel fantasma, que por suerte,
al despertar, se me evapora entre
los dedos.

Y mis patas de cierva
me trajeron aquí,
a este charco perpetuo
donde todo es dulce pecado y
donde todo, por seguro,
conduce a la perdición.

Que Dios me perdone
si algún día no soy fiel a mis deseos.

Hijxs de puta
sois unos hijos de puta,
vosotros que me miráis
desde esas celdas de castigo,
desde esos puestos de trabajo,
desde esos alquileres de mierda,
sois unos hijos de puta.
he perdido la fantástica virtud
de sentir lástima y me he convertido,
sin quererlo,
en una hija de puta.
el cambio climático me importa una mierda,
las matanzas, el hambre, las especies en peligro de
extinción,
toda injusticia que no me salpique,
toda maldad que no lleve mi nombre,
me resbala.
me he convertido en un monstruo y vengo hasta aquí
para convenceros de mi inmundicia.
Si algún día sentí amor por vosotras,

fue porque estaba pedo,
si sentí piedad porque estaba con la regla,
si sentí consuelo, pura fantasía.
La verdad es que no siento nada.
quizás una pizca de odio y otra de deseo.
que os odie no quiere decir que no pueda follaros.
sois unas hijas de puta.
os lo digo así, sin formalismo alguno
sin artificio,
sin más...
Perdí la fe, soy un alma perdida,
perdí el miedo al vacío y a la muerte
y no quiero que ninguna hija de puta me rescate.

Versión porno del poema N° 15 de Pablo Neruda

Me gustas cuando besas porque estás como pirada,
con los ojos en blanco y tu cara de ida,
parece que se te hubiera olvidado la pastilla
y parece que un dedo te cerrara la herida.

Como todo el deseo está lleno de mi ansia,
con tu lengua sigilosa, llenas el ansia mía.

Larva incompleta te pareces a mi ansia
y te pareces a la palabra ninfomanía.

Me gusta cuando lames y estás como a tu rollo
y estás como frotándote y emitiendo un murmullo.

Y no me oyes ni de lejos y mi mano no te alcanza:
déjame que me corra con el gemido tuyo.

Déjame que te bese también con estos labios,
rojos como una sangre, frescos como una fuente.

Eres como la noche licuada y oscura,
tu grito es de astro, tan salvaje y ardiente.

Me gusta cuando te corres porque estás como vencida,
pálida y piadosa como si hubieras muerto.

Un roce entonces, un susurro bastan.

Y estoy caliente, caliente porque no sea cierto.

Metasexual

Bombea, bombea, bombea,
eléctrica niña, reanímame
que estoy muerta
paradacardiovascularizada
de estos orgasmos tan salvajes.

Deja que tu coño le haga
el boca a boca al mío,
que tengo oxígeno cero
en la sangre que me inflama el clítoris.

Respira, respira, respira,
revitaliza mis suspiros
con tu aliento de criatura salvaje.

Insértame los dedos hasta que me toques
el corazón
(comprobarás que no late).

Dilátame,
muéveme,
empálame,
hazme no distinguir la frontera entre
el dolor y el placer,
entre el sadismo y la ternura y,
hazme eyacular néctar,
querida.

Sin título

si me saco el hombre y me saco el bollera y me saco la
pluma y me saco un ojo

¿qué queda de mí?

Me fui construyendo con metáforas de otros
y, despojado de todo lo que no me cuadra,
me quedo flaco y tiritando de frío
ante una estructura que me repele.

Y qué pasa si quiero ser otra cosa distinta?

Qué pasa si me quiero arrancar esta mierda que me cuelga y
fabricarme una vagina?

Qué pasa si quiero ser solo de carne que sangra,
de carne que se
muere si la aprietas, si quiero ser algo inútil
que no tenga sentido?

Estoy harto del papel de celofán que lo recubre todo,
de la profilaxis, de las mentiras,
de las cosas pulidas y brillantes.

Quiero descubrir qué hay debajo de toda esta mierda
que tanto nos
ahoga,
quiero recuperar mi voz de entre toda esta basura,
quiero cagarme
en todo con mi voz de puta, loca.

Finalmente tengo coño, no lo elegí pero no me disgusta.

Soy la niña que todo lo quiere,
una insatisfecha perpetua,
alguien en quien no se puede confiar.

Quiero salvarme.

Que exista un paraíso en el que solo entren
las perturbadas, las
travestis, las transgénicas, las degeneradas.

Quiero que los infieles ardan por siempre en un infierno
Pero sin sexo y sin llamas.

Quiero venganza, aún no sé de qué.

Quiero salvarme, como toda hija de vecina.

POST-ORGASMIC (AND ENJOYING IT)

THIS BOOK DOES NOT SAY THINGS unsaid before. It does not say them in an original way either, or aims at being the origin of a movement; it is not the work of a guru, a visionary or a genius.

The most outstanding virtue of this text is that its words say exactly what they mean, words that have passed more through mouths than through eyes or pens, words taken out from the street, from the bed, from jail, from the whorehouse from the heart, from life. Words that pass through libraries and occasionally appear in classrooms and talks just as someone visits a far away cousin.

The aim of this book is to tell those who have never read a book by Foucault, Butler or Preciado. Or who doesn't know who Annie Sprinkle is, some ideas about the queer practices and about post-porn.

This book has been written by an non-conformist/performer/poetess, not by an authoress.

It's been a torture and a pleasure to write it, I hope the adventurous reader feels the same.

The World is full of people doing their jobs. Well, I also do mine, which is precisely this one.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The enemy is not among the main people to blame for all this, or the bitch life, or the thirst for revenge or retaliation. The main ones to blame are my parents, José Ramón Junyent Bárcena and Pifi Torres Agüero, for the freedom, tenderness, sincerity and good upbringing. I hope my father accepts my apologies for calling myself Diana J. Torres, but I want my name to be easily remembered and pronounced.

To Lucía Egaña Rojas, and excellent companion who materialised with her heart, her body and her time the most precious wish I ever asked life for in a San Juan evening. Also for being the first person ever to read this book and give me her priceless opinion and corrections. This book has been almost completely written using her laptop, much more useful to type with than my junky clanker.

To Helen Torres because she knows how to listen and understand better than anybody and because she squirts as Amazonian queens do. For reading me the *I Ching* of this project and finding out such a beautiful result as “Revolution”.

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being so charming.

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To María Percances for giving humankind a clear example of how divine would we be if we knew a bit of zombi philosophy and for being so fucking honest in everything she does.

To Miriam Solá, Alba Pons and TransBlock for turning trans-feminism in something worth fighting for.

To Pedro Soler for her Martian way of being and his capacity of organizing events that are always so nourishing for us. Because if all the men were like him the world would be a completely different place.

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To Josefa Ruiz-Tagle for her valuable cooperation in proof-reading this book.

To the people whose help I've asked for in the process of writing this book and haven't been able to help me or just didn't want to help me; thanks because with your help this book would be different and I love it as it is.

EPILOGUE FOR A LOVELY PORNOTERRORIST CREATURE

by Itziar Ziga, Pornoterrorism's (almost) first victim0

«I need no dignity. I've got greatness

AROUND THAT TIME, I didn't know the Pornoterrorist so well. In fact she was called Diana. We met at the bar in Joaquín Costa Street, where she was going to read poetry that evening, two hours before the show began. The beers rushed down our throats like a golden Niagara. She was going to give a usual reading, she didn't even take her clothes off. I'm saying this because since then I've seen Diana on stage fucking a pig's head, shitting almond cream, tear up her skin, shower the audience with her orgasmic torrent, be flogged by minors, present a friend abused by police crucified and smiling...

Once in Altea she asked me to wax her pussy on stage while she read a poem (she had endured the trepanning torture of tattooing both sides of her skull, but couldn't stand that transit of normative femininity. On the second yank, she stood up shouting "you women are nuts, this is true masochism!". Next morning she took her fanny to Berlin the colour of a Chernobyl carrot).

But that innocent evening she was just going to read verses. I asked her even more innocently if she still meant to read them or she had learnt them by heart. "I hardly repeat poems at my readings". She answered me brazenly on the third brew. Not losing the line of conversation with Amie and me she kept scribbling words on pieces of paper at the table in the bar. Those verses sounded extraordinary hardly two hours later that evening in front of an audience as entranced as Diana always has.

She's a fucking geniuseess with words!

(My stupid Word corrector points out in red that Diana can't be a "geniuseess". Alright, she's got a shaven head and doctors have always claimed that she stores an inadvisable overdose of testosterone for what a woman should be and look like, but she hates misogyny as much as I do).

From all the millions of toxic images of her that come to my mind, perhaps the one I'm going to recall below is the one that better represents the delicious pornoterrorism that Diana spreads in everything she does. I know this feat has been told by her on the pages before, but this way you can have two versions of that historical moment. I bet the security man at the Universidad de Valencia on whose uniform shoes the succubus that has written this book squirted like a playground fountain would narrate the event in a different way.

Although I very much doubt that when he got back home from his sad work he was able to tell his wife about what he saw that afternoon in May. Or even to process it inside

(of having it).

You will have guessed that I'm talking about the group wank in the campus. As soon as the security personnel arrived (as expected) I couldn't keep touching myself.

When one has grown up in Rentería, the sight of a uniform instantly closes anyone's pussy, and fist. But Diana, stark naked on the lawn kept stimulating herself until she exploded in a crystal clear jet that went up about forty centimetres in the air to land then on the feet of the flabbergasted officers. The Mediterranean sun sparkled through her waters. Those morons couldn't utter a word.

I very much doubt that they had ever seen a woman masturbating, let alone squirt with such generosity.

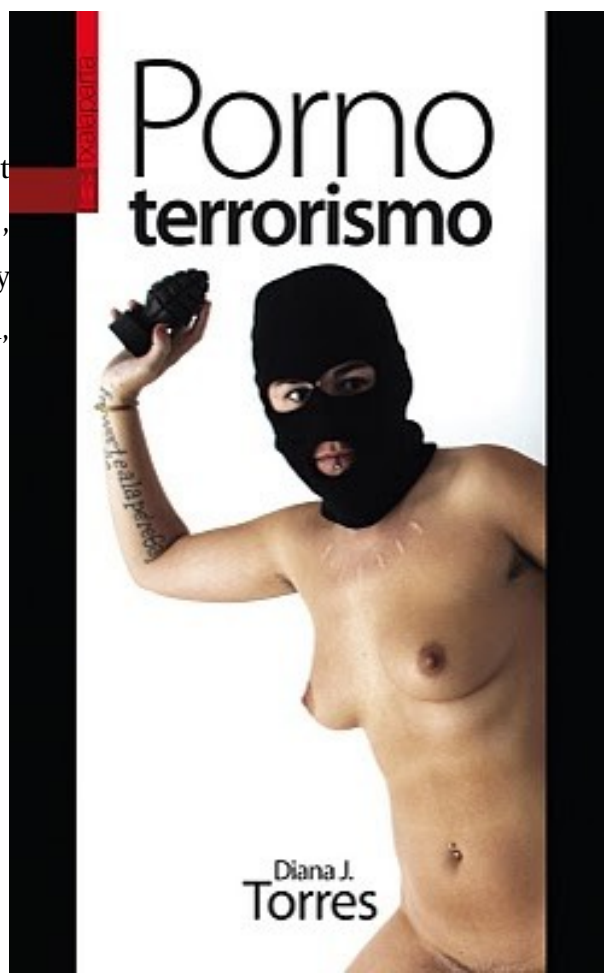
An extremely absurd argument by many voices followed, while Elena was also cumming (she's from Irún, but seems to have overcome her phobia better than me).

Diana then put her mini-skirt back on and brandishing her boobs left the stage calmly. Relaxed after orgasm and satisfied with the execution of her plan of group wanking in public. Without a hint of fear, shame or uneasiness.

Beware if you meet her, she's an insatiable bitch. She's always conspiring to carry out more group wanks, it's like an obsession. A pornoterrorist objective that is permanently inside her evil and adorable head. The most fearsome shoes will end up splashed by her lust.

COVERS

Cover of the first edition (Txalaparta), photography by Chiara Schiavon, design by Monti.



Cover of the French edition (Gatuzain)

Pornoterrorisme

Préface de Annie Sprinkle & Beth Stephens



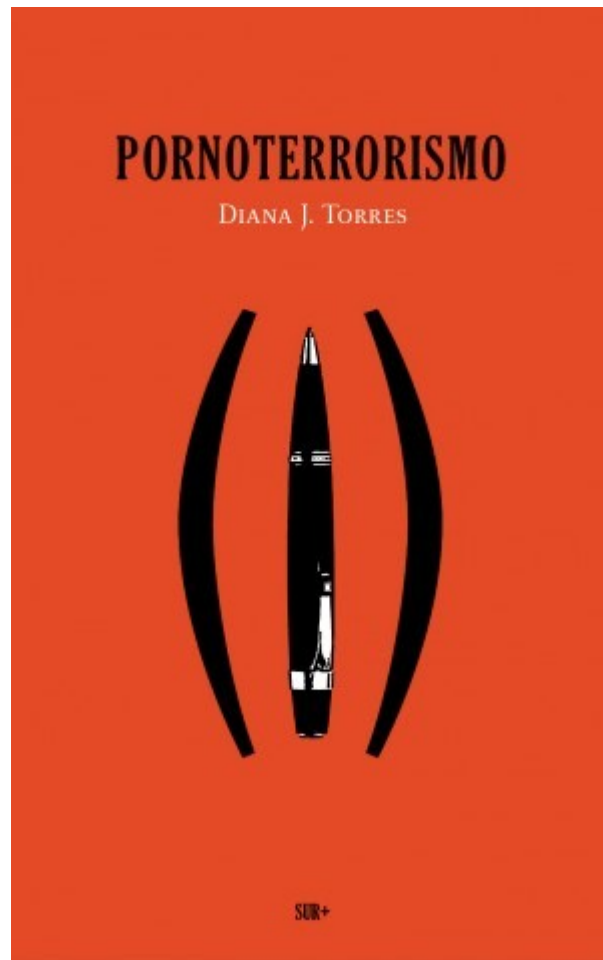
Diana J. Torres

*Ouvrage traduit de l'espagnol
par Hartzea Lopez Arana*



GATUZAIN

Cover of the Mexican edition (SurPlus). Design by Gabriela Díaz.



Cover of the Italian edition (Malatempora). Photography by Chiara Schiavon. Design by Malatempora.



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